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YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

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In the March Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

From The Front
In The World's Service
Buddhist Stories. XXII
A Man of the Hour

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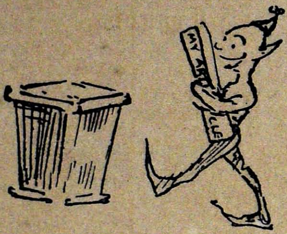

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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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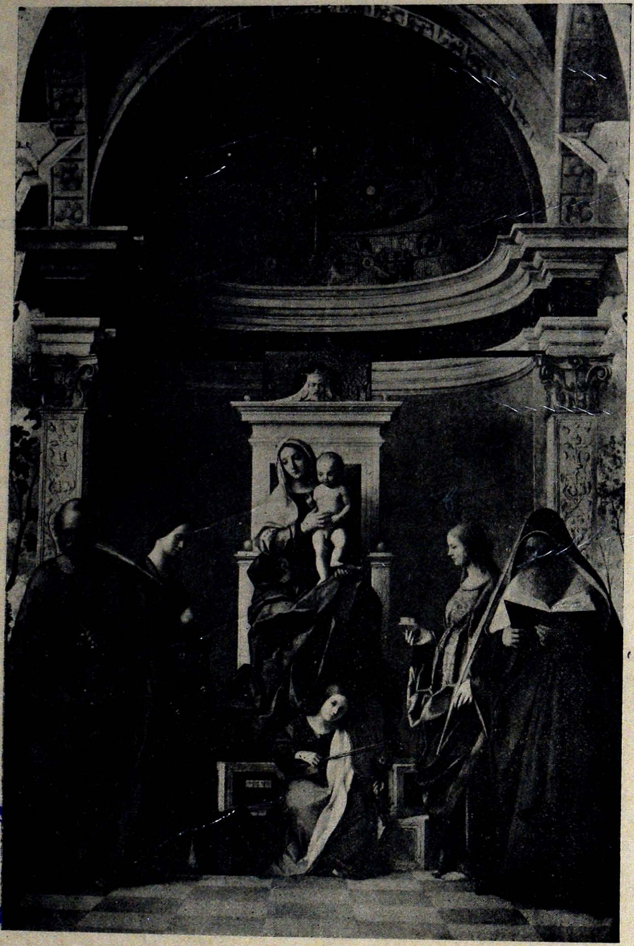

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THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED

By Giovanni Cellini

Giovanni Cellini, the painter of "The Virgin Enthroned," was born in Italy, in 1430 or 1431, and died in 1516. His earliest works were painted in the tempera method that preceded the use of oil colors in Europe; but when the new medium was introduced into Venice in 1473, he adopted it, and developed its possibilities to a high pitch. Cellini lived a long, happy and successful life in the full and widely appreciated exercise of his artistic powers. The School of Painting that he founded became in his lifetime the most brilliant then in existence in Europe. Two of his pupils went even beyond their master in achievement, and made for themselves immortal names—Giorgione and Titian. His adoption of oil painting led to a diminution of the devotional and emotional elements which characterised his early work; but the appearance of the external grandeur of the Venice of his time in his later work, did not reduce the great nobility of his art. He maintained the strictness of drawing and particularity of drapery of the Venetian School, and infused into the technique of his art a religious and human emotion that was all his own. "The Virgin Enthroned" belongs to his mature period. Its calmness and human kindness are remarkable.

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

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From The Front

A LETTER FROM OUR TRAVELLING EDITOR

GÖTEBURG, *22-11-24*

WE have had a most interesting time both in Kristiania and in Göteburg—the second largest town in Sweden. In Kristiania, I gave three lectures, apart from E. S. talks and members' meetings—the first two on "Consciousness" and "The New Education," and the third on "The Coming of the Christ". The first two were quite well attended, but the third, in a larger hall, was quite overcrowded with an enthusiastic, and, I may say, I think, rapt audience. It was rather remarkable, and made many people recall the idea of John the Baptist. Some were overcome with emotion, and altogether it was a great success. Following it, in the same hall, there was an equally overcrowded meeting of the students of Kristiania, which came about quite casually. I said I should like to meet some of Kristiania's youth, and our friends said they thought it might be managed. They said: "Why not meet some young people after the public lecture—at 9-15?" I said I should be very happy to do so, so they sent round word. The result was a very large audience to hear me on "The Message of Youth to the World". I spoke, of course, in English, and along the lines of my pamphlets *To the Youth of the World* and *To the Youth of India*, but I stressed very strongly the urgent need for international comradeships, understanding and goodwill. I spoke of the message each Nation had to give to the world, explaining that everywhere I went I asked the people whom I met: "What is your country's message? What is your country's mission? What is your country's note in the harmony of the world?" I told them that, in Sweden, I had been answered "Righteousness," in Denmark, "Co-operation," in Britain "Practical Idealism," in Germany, "The Groping after Ideals," and so on. "What is Norway's message?" and then I appealed to them to stretch out the hand of true fellowship to every country in the world, telling them how, during Youth Week, the youth of India had been organising for the future and had sent a message of comradeship to the youth of the world. I told them that it lay in their hands to see that the last War ended war, that it was their task to set to work to solve the many terrible problems of life, and everywhere to sow the seeds of happiness so that some day an abundant harvest may be reaped.

And so on. The result was that, like an actor, I had to get up again and again to show my acknowledgments of their tumultuous approval. That, of course, is a mere detail. What matters is the obvious fact that youth everywhere are hungering—here and there, perhaps, unconsciously to themselves—for the call to service, and for a lead in the wise direction. I shall now make a point of trying to meet the youth of the places I visit *en masse*, rather than have a round-table talk with the leaders alone. I was made so happy, for my thoughts went back to India, and I thought to myself that if only the youth of every land could understand each other, the spirit of Internationalism would soon triumph, and I yearned for members of the Theosophical Society all over the world to follow the example of the Indian Section and to call the youth of teh

world to Brotherhood. In so many Lodges I find no young people, and even an indifference to youth, as if Theosophy were for the old more than for the young. Theosophy is for the young even more, perhaps, in some ways, than for the old, for through the Young Theosophy shall become the heart of the new world. The young are ready for their wonderful privilege, but they still need the leadership of wise and, above all, understanding elders. They say so themselves here in Europe. "We want the older people to help, but they must be the right kind of older people!" I earnestly trust that the Youth Section in India will have another year of separate existence in which to develop their methods of activity, for I feel they will do better work if for some time longer "on their own".

From Kristiania we came on to Göteburg where I gave two public lectures—one to the Pedagogical Society of Göteburg, and the other to the general public. The first was on Education and was, I think, fully appreciated. I had doubts as to whether either I or the subject could fill the rather large hall taken by the Göteburg friends. The subject was "Mysticism". Curiously enough, the hall was full, and with an exceedingly attentive audience. It is clear to me that people are ready for Theosophy, more than ready, and if it is put to them so as to attract, they will receive it gladly. The difficulty is that many of our members believe in Theosophy for themselves rather than for others. They sometimes forget that the main duty of a Theosophist is to bring others to Theosophy. We are channels for the waters of Theosophy. The more we dam up the channel the more will the water grow stagnant, and the sooner shall we begin to turn back from Theosophy to the old and broad way of self-seeking. Everywhere I go, I urge with all my power: "Share. Share with the young. Share with the unhappy, the unfortunate, the sick, the ignorant. The more you share of your Theosophy, the more shall you understand of its Eternal Wisdom, the greater shall be your own peace and certainty. The Law of Theosophy is Service. Study only that your service may ever grow more wise. So shall you ere long come face to face with the world's Great Servants, the truest Theosophists because They live but to share." A Lodge of the Theosophical Society is virile as it is a centre, a nucleus, of active service. The Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. A Lodge of the Theosophical Society must therefore form a nucleus of local brotherhood, spreading brotherhood everywhere it can, through precept and example.

I should like to add that I had the pleasure of visiting a most interesting Co-Educational School in Göteburg, which I can only call the Letchworth of Sweden. What struck me most was the remarkable difference between the faces of the children in this School and the faces of children in other schools round about. The difference was quite extraordinary, outstanding. One saw it at once, and I said to myself: "An oasis of soul in a desert of efficiency." That exactly expresses what I felt. Theosophical education makes a wonderful, a startling difference. It educates soul, and the soul shines forth visibly. We notice it everywhere. As I say to my friends here: "Let me see the faces of your pupils, and I will tell you what your education is like."

We have just finished a very important and interesting tour in Sweden. Indeed is the Theosophical Society a wonderful organisation—a real brotherhood, for everywhere one goes one meets the kindest of friends. On our educational pilgrimage we have visited many places—Göteburg, Jankoping, Lynkoping, Upsala, Stockholm, Lund, Malmö, and at each place a warm welcome awaited us, lavish hospitality and wonderful care for our convenience and comfort. The able General Secretary travelled with us everywhere. He is a wonderful man, simple, light-hearted, efficient, earnest, a devoted servant of the Masters and of our cause of Brotherhood. What we should have done without him I do not know. His more than charming young wife, to whom he was married only last May, accompanied us to some places, but could not do the whole tour as she has been engaged in passing examinations in the Sociological-Political Academy, where she is a student of her country's problems—both theoretically and practically.

The interest of the tour is, I imagine, obvious, especially as my wife was at the last moment able to pacify her desire of seeing snow fall and the ground become a white carpet for her to tread upon. Distressingly mild the weather had been, much milder than it had been known for years, and we were afraid that snow would only put in its appearance after we had left. But at Malmö, on the very eve of our return to London, snow actually fell, a white carpet arose, and peace came to us, though the snow went as quickly as it had come. However, it had been seen, and its flakes had baptised us! Interesting, too, was the tour on account both of the beautiful scenery and of the curiously widespread interest, even in remote places, in India in particular and in Mystcism generally. Everywhere my wife was asked to sing Indian songs and to speak about India, which she did most effectively, though on one of these numerous occasions the ideal was rather trying, for she had to speak in Stockholm at a very exclusive Ladies' Club in the presence of the Crown Princess of Sweden herself. So much interest has been evinced, and so different a presentation made, that arrangements are sought to be made whereby my wife makes an extended tour in Sweden in the autumn of 1925, so that India may be known for what she really is, and not as she is too often portrayed by missionaries and other ignorant people.

The importance of the tour lay in the fact that our visit happened to synchronise with the beginnings of a very wide-spread dissatisfaction with the existing system of Education in the country. I had been speaking everywhere on "Ancient Ideals for Modern Education," but it had not occurred to me to take the bull by the horns and attack the Swedish system of Education in the stronghold of its own country. One day, however, I suddenly made up my mind that I wanted to give a lecture on "The Next Steps for Swedish Education," and I asked my friends to arrange a hall. They thought me greatly daring, but hastened to make the necessary arrangements, and in the meantime one of them told me that as I wanted to speak on that subject it might be useful to me to meet a very well-known lady of position, who had views regarding the existing system, and was about to try to organise a protest against some of the grosser evils. I was, of course, delighted, and it was accordingly settled that I should meet a few ladies who were concerning themselves with the educational problems and who would be glad to talk matters over with me. Accordingly, one afternoon, after I had been lecturing to a large and deeply appreciative audience on "The Mystic Way to Christ," I wended my way to the flat where the meeting was to be held.

We had a most instructive talk, particularly frank, as all the ladies had just been to my lecture and told me how much they had been impressed. Comparing notes, I found that my own judgment on the Swedish system was quite accurate so far as it went, and with the additional information I then gleaned I felt primed for a very difficult task, the reason for undertaking which I did not know at all. These ladies, together with our own friends, went to work to ensure the necessary publicity. The newspapers proved most friendly, and drew pointed attention to the lecture. But the organisers told me that wherever they went, especially, of course, to the teachers, they were met with the objection : "Who is this person, this foreigner, to tell us what the next steps in Swedish Education should be! What can he know about it!" In fact, my audacity evidently smelt of impertinence.

However, the evening at last came for the lecture, and I confess I was horribly nervous. I had made up my mind to say certain things, but I felt I might be provoking my listeners, and possibly doing more harm than good. As I stood up to speak, I could feel the intense curiosity to know what on earth I could have to say, so I declared at the very outset that I realised my audacity, but there was no intention of impertinence. I felt a great future lay before Sweden, if only she would seize her opportunities, and as an earnest well-wisher who had received such generous appreciation in every part of the country, I felt I ought frankly to speak my mind, not as a foreigner, for I did not feel myself to be a foreigner, but as a brother despite the difference of Nationality. I explained how I

had been engaged in Education for very many years, and then I went on to arrest the attention of the audience with a question which turned their hitherto somewhat stand-offish curiosity into keen interest.

What did Sweden stand for? What was her mission to the world? What was her note in the great harmony of Internationalism? I explained how I had asked my Swedish friends everywhere, young and old, to answer these questions, and that, after getting over the strangeness of the questions, they had agreed that the answer was *Righteousness*. And it was agreed that what the righteousness meant was a spiritual justice rather than any idea of earthly justice. I put this ideal to my large audience, and paused for a reply. There was a general nodding of heads. I then said: "If you agree, and if it is true, then to what extent does Swedish Education evoke such a spirit of righteousness among those who have inherited it by birth, and whom God has made its special trustees on earth? And then came the declaration that righteousness must be born out of freedom, ordered freedom, purposive freedom, a freedom impregnated with brotherhood, a harmonising freedom.

We thus came to four types of freedom—spiritual, physical, emotional, mental, and I strove to analyse the nature of each and to contrast it with existing conditions in Swedish Schools, Colleges and Universities. I ventured to speak of the deadness of religious teaching, the militarism of the Swedish physical exercises and the absence of rhythm and grace in them, the absence of practical citizenship among the young and the urgent need for the education of the spirit of reverence, goodwill above all differences of Nationality and faith, compassion, and, finally, the tragic overburdening of the curriculum, the masses of subjects, the deadly cramming, the home-work—sometimes not less than six hours per day, and generally at least four hours, and the severity of the discipline. I paid tribute to the marvellous efficiency of method, apparatus, building, and to the comparative freedom of girls from the intellectual servitude of the boys. But I asserted with great emphasis that all would not be well with Sweden in the future if such a system were allowed to continue.

I happened some time before to have been told of the great prevalence of cheating and allied weaknesses, so much so that the newspapers made quite a stir. I alluded to this and explained that all these things were due not to a definite moral weakening of Sweden's youth, but to the need for self-preservation from the terrible fetters of super-intellectualism. They could do no other, to adapt Luther's phrase; nor, I said to my audience, could you or I. A storm of applause, and then I wound up with an exhortation to my hearers to bring happiness and brightness into the lives of the young, telling them that I had seen just one school where the faces of the young people were alive with vitality, and insisting that all schools and colleges must be so endowed, for the hope of the future lies with the young.

I felt throughout the lecture that the audience was travelling with me, and the extraordinary enthusiasm at the end made me very happy. A curious result was the immediate sale of all photographs of my wife and myself, and also of all the books and pamphlets I had written and which were on sale. I was also inundated with demands for autographs. I cannot, of course, repeat the more than kind things said by so many people. But the practical result is a great stimulus to the determination of numbers of Swedish mothers to arouse public opinion against prevailing conditions. A big organisation—the Housewives Association—is taking up the matter, and a great public meeting is to be held in Stockholm in January, 1925, as a prelude to public meetings in every town. I am urged to return to Stockholm to be present at the meeting, but this is, of course, impossible. I lectured on similar lines at the ancient University town of Lund, and the same cordial response came.

I think I was justified in my audacity, and am more than thankful a Theosophist, or, at least, a member of the Theosophical Society, is privileged to participate in such a work.

G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.
(Cantab.), D. L. (Nat.)

In The World's Service

Shri Rama Chandra

IT is a fine and inspiring thought—and a great truth, which Carlyle was one of the first to rediscover for the West—that there is no land on earth that has not been hallowed by the tread of God in human form. So deep seated is the human need fcr this God-Companionship in the well-known paths of home, that when an alien creed had been imposed on Europe, and priestly bigotry had banished the cults of her own Divine Heroes, Greek and Gothic alike, the simple folk long continued—just as long as religion kept its hold on them—to give local color to the *Bible* stories in realistic dramas, which made it seem quite natural to sing, in many an old Christmas carol still in use, of Jesus born amid the snows of a winter which Bethlehem never knew!

From all accounts, these Miracle Plays, in which homely wits expressed themselves, with no thought of irreverence, in very homely ways, were much like the Râmalilâ to be seen in India to-day; for this favored Land of the Gods has never lost her familiar touch with things divine, and rightly feels it not only perfectly natural but a necessary part of the Eternal Law of Love, that from time to time the All-Father should send forth a fuller manifestation of Himself in human form, to help His struggling younger brothers to climb a path which is sometimes too difficult for their inexperienced tread.

So, the tale goes, that at the end of the Second Age of our world, there reigned in Ayodhyâ a righteous King, called Dasharatha, who, in advanced age, was still childless. Advised by a Sage, he performed the great Horse Sacrifice, his three wives participating with him in the ceremony, and out of the sacrificial fire appeared a radiant Messenger, who promised offspring, and gave to the King a celestial drink which he shared among his wives. It seems that, in the Councils of Heaven, the time had come, when the evil Râkshasas, who were hindering the evolution of the race, should be destroyed, and none other than Vishnu Himself was strong enough for the task. So, in answer to the cry of the world, the great Lord of Life had already sent forth His devotees into human birth; one of the greatest even into Râkshasa body, the great Râvana of Lankâ, because only so would the forces of Evil all be gathered together under a mighty leadership, for a final conflict the issue of which would set free both the oppressors and the oppressed. Human souls might no longer be immeshed in brutal Râkshasa forms, the ogres of our nursery tales. Vishnu Himself then tock birth in fourfold form, as the sons of Dasharatha; but half of the Divine Potency was in Râma, the son of the eldest Queen Kausalyâ, while the remaining half was shared equally between the three other sons, Bharata, and the twin brothers Lakshmana and Shatrûghna.

The four brothers grew up to be the pride and joy of all, but to Râma specially all hearts went forth, and his brothers easily yielded precedence. While still a youth, Râma's services were claimed by the Sage Vishvâmitra, to protect ascetics from some Râkshasas who disturbed their sacrifices. So Râma entered early on his life-work, and proved the power of the celestial weapons with which he had been endowed. Then Vishvâmitra introduced the Prince at the Court of King Janaka of Mithilâ, who had promised the hand of his adopted daughter Sitâ to whomsoever should bend the Mighty Bow, a

gift of Shiva to his ancestor. Râma took the Bow and bent it easily, till it broke in his hands, and so he won his bride, and his three brothers, called to the marriage feast, found also consorts in the same family. Of Sitâ, the peerless woman, it is related that she was the Goddess Lakshmi, the only possible bride for an Avatâra of Vishnu. As a babe, she had first appeared as if turned up by the plough, when King Janaka was preparing some land for a sacrifice.

Now that Râma had reached manhood, his aged father thought to give over to him the reins of Government, and having consulted his Council, who fully approved, the news was published in the capital city. All rejoiced except one; but she, the King's favorite wife and mother of Bharata, allowed her heart to be poisoned with jealousy on her son's behalf, and listened to the evil suggestions of a deformed maid, who whispered to her an ill design. Some time before, in reward for her loving care in nursing him after a wound, the King had promised Queen Kaikeyi two boons, and she had put off her claim, having nothing then to ask. But now she recalled his promise to the King, and having won him with tears to a reiteration of the unconditional promise, she demanded that Bharata should be installed King in place of Râma, and that Râma should go into the forest, an exile for fourteen years. Deaf to the King's reproaches, she held him to his promise, and Râma himself, called into consultation, agreed that the King must not break his plighted word, however wrongly pledged. So renouncing all, he cheerfully went into exile, accompanied by Sitâ, who refused to be left behind, claiming a wife's share in her husband's sacrifice, and Lakshmana, the faithful brother, who went to serve them both, the other two brothers being away at the time and knowing nothing of this. On Bharata's return he bitterly reproached his mother for what she had done, and went to seek his elder brother in the forest, to persuade him to come back. Failing to do this, he returned to his duty, but still refused to rule as other than Râma's Regent, and placed Râma's sandals on the throne, as symbol of the real King. Among these heroes, nothing so small as jealousy could be found.

In the forest, all worked up quickly to the necessary catastrophe, by which Râma's power was to be brought into full activity. Râvana, King and Champion of the forces of Darkness, heard of the beauty of Sitâ, and judged that through her He could best wound Râma, who had already done injury to some of Râvana's kinsfolk in the forest. Sitâ, as the earthly side of this Divine manifestation, was more subject to illusion, though not less stainless than he, and so she was beguiled by a voice that sounded like that of Râma, crying for help, and drove off the faithful Lakshmana, who had been left to guard her, but who at last reluctantly disobeyed Râma to go to Râma's aid. Left unprotected through her own want of faith, Sitâ was seized and carried off by Râvana, borne aloft in his air chariot, south to distant Lankâ, there to be imprisoned and daily importuned in vain to yield to Râvana's love.

Râma, returning with Lakshmana to find Sitâ gone, soon turned from idle despair and reproaches to action. Sitâ had dropped ornaments to mark her path which also had been noted by the seeming vulture Jatâyu, who was a Deva in that vulture form, so Ràma soon learnt who was his foe, and whither he must go to seek Sitâ. The Monkey King Sugriva—another Deva in animal form—put his hosts at Râma's disposal, led by Hanumân, son of Vayu, the Wind-God. Hanumân was an invaluable ally. Borne by his father, the Wind, in the direction of his own strong thought, he leapt boldly over the intervening Straits to Lankâ, and then again contracting his form, which in this exercise had expanded to God-like dimentions, to that of a small, Singalese monkey, he sought and found Sitâ seated in loneliness, under surveillance of her loathsome Râkshasi guards. She refused to allow him to carry her away, for that was an office fit only for Râma; but as token she entrusted him with a ring for her husband, and cheered by the thought that Râma was on his way to her, she saw the monkey messenger depart. Hanumân then could not resist the temptation to play some pranks, and so he began to wreak destruction on Râvana's pleasure garden, and swelled himself to huge proportions, shouting " Victory to Râma ". So a great fight ensued, and Râvana's forces could not suffice to take prisoner the mighty monkey till Indrajit

Râvana's wise and virtuous son, shot at him a Brahma weapon, which rendered him helpless. Bound and taken before Râvana, he boldly advised the release of Sitâ, and Râvana, in anger, recognising that, by the laws of honor, an envoy must not be slain, bade his servants set fire to the monkey's tail and let him go. Hanumân then had a glorious time, for the fire was powerless to hurt Vayu's son, and he sprang gaily from roof to roof of Râvana's majestic city, setting fire to all and spreading destruction till at last he plunged into the sea, and returned to Râma.

Of the great battle between Râma and Râvana, it is needless to tell. One after another Râvana's sons and kinsmen fell in battle, till at last the great protagonists faced each other, and all Nature held its breath for seven long days of conflict. When, at last, Râvana fell to the earth dead, Shrî Râma uttered the significant words: "With death our enmity hath terminated and our object hath been accomplished. He is as dear to me as to thee. Perform his funeral rites."

Sitâ now was brought in joy to her husband, but not yet could he take her to his arms. Well he knew her purity and constancy, but for the sake of the public example, it must be established to the conviction of all. So he questioned her, before all the crowd, on her conduct in Râvana's palace, and quickly she guessed his purpose, and, turning to Lakshmana, bade him prepare for her a funeral pyre, where she would vindicate her honor. All stood aghast, while Râma, in stern acquiescence, allowed the pyre to be built and lighted. Then, calling on the Fire as witness to protect her, Sitâ threw herself into the flames, which enveloped her in a golden veil, in which she disappeared. But it was only for a moment, and then appeared Agni, God of Fire, leading forth Sitâ from the flames, which were innocuous to her stainless purity. In joy Râma received her, and explained his seeming harshness. "She needed this purification in the presence of all," but "I know that she hath her mind devoted to me and hath not given it to any other. As the ocean cannot overleap its bounds, so Râvana could not approach her, protected by her own chastity. Sitâ is mine, as the rays belong to the sun."

The fourteen years of exile were now over, and Shri Râmachandra returned, with his Queen and brother to Ayodhyâ, there to rule as the Perfect King over a happy people.

In India, the name of this beloved King has become a talisman of speech and men greet each other in his name, so living under his protection still. But He is the great Aryan Hero, even more than Indian, as witness the many stories, Greek and Celtic, which derive their coloring from this, the original.

H. V.

Our Enemy the Fly

Of recent years, we have begun to learn something of the evil character of the fly. We have looked at the insect under the microscope, and have noted his legs covered with bristly hairs, to which germs and filth cling; the gummy pads on his feet, which are capable of disease germs; and the trunk through which he sucks up filth and vomits it back on to our food.

We have also studied his habits and life story, and found him the commonest carrier of disease. One fly can carry from the dustbin to the dining table anything from 500 to 6,000,000 disease germs. Four hundred house flies, caught at random, have shown an average of over 1,000,000 hostile microbes per fly. A jug of milk was carefully sterilised to destroy any microbes. A fly was caught and dropped into the jug. The milk was set aside for some hours, and, when tested, was found to be swarming with the germs of one or more diseases. "As harmless as a fly," said we in our ignorance of a few years ago. "A fly in the milk," says the doctor to-day, "may mean a member of the family in the grave."

Flies are hatched from eggs of which one female fly, in the short but crowded hours of her life, is capable of laying four batches, with 150 to the batch. In three fly generations, her progeny may thus exceed 10,000,000.

Buddhist Stories

XXI

The Bodhisattva and the Robbers

LONG, long ago, when Brahmadatta was Râjâ of Benares, in a certain village, there dwelt a Brahmana who knew the Vedabbha charm. They say this charm was priceless and very secret. By repeating it at a certain conjunction of the planets and looking up at the sky, one could cause a shower of gems to fall.

Now, at that time, the Bodhisattva was being taught by that Brahmana. One day the Brahmana, taking the lad with him, went to his village on some business or other. When they reached the Cetiya District, bordering the high way is a forest, where dwelt a band of five hundred robbers called the Senders. They got their living by highway robbery. You may ask: "Why were they called the Senders?" For this reason. It is said that, when they caught two travellers, they used to send away one of them to fetch a ransom. That is why they were called the Senders. Suppose they caught a father and son, they would send off the father, saying: "Go you and fetch a ransom. Then you can take your son and go free." In like manner, if they caught a mother and daughter, they would let the mother go. Of two brothers they would send away the elder; of teacher and pupil, they would send away the pupil.

On this occasion, therefore, on seizing the Bodhisattva and the Brahmana, they dispatched the Bodhisattva to fetch a ransom. So the Bodhisattva saluted His teacher, saying: "I'll be back in a day or two. Have no fear. Only do my bidding. This very day there will be a conjunction of the planets, causing a shower of gems to fall. But don't you give way to grief and recite the charm to cause the shower of gems to fall; for if you do so, you will be your own destruction and that of the robbers too." With these words the Bodhisattva saluted his teacher and went away.

Well, at sunset the robbers pinioned the Brahmana and laid him down.

At that very moment in the eastern quarter rose the disk of the full moon. The Brahmana, observing the conjunction of the planets, said to himself: "Here's the conjunction that causes gems to fall. Why should I suffer pain? Let me recite the charm and cause a shower of gems to fall. Then I'll give the treasure to the robbers and be off."

Whereupon he said to the robbers: "My friends, why did you seize me?"

"To get treasure, master." "If it's treasure you want, untie me quick and bathe my head. Put a clean cloth on me, anoint me with scents and crown me with flowers."

On hearing this, the robbers did as they were told, and the Brahmana, marking the conjunction of the planets, recited the charm and looked up into the sky. Down came a shower of gems at that very moment. The robbers raked up the wealth, stowed it in their waist bands and made off with it, while the Brahmana followed closely at their heels.

Now, it so happened that another gang of five hundred robbers seized these five hundred. "Why do you seize us?" said they. "To get your wealth," was the reply. "If it's wealth you want," said the others, "seize this Brahmana here. Just by looking up into the sky he can cause a shower of gems to fall. That's how he gave us these."

So those robbers let them go, and seized the Brahmana, saying: "Give us too some treasure." Said the Brahmana: "I'd give you treasure surely. But the next conjunction of the planets causing gems to fall happens a year hence. Then I'll do it." But the robbers were angry and exclaimed: "Ho! You scoundrelly rogue of a Brahmana. You give others treasure, but you would put us off till next year, would you?"

So they cut him in halves with a sharp sword, and threw the body in the middle of the road. Then they fought a battle with the other five hundred, slew them all and went off with the treasure. Then again they divided into two bands, and fought and fought till half of them were slain. And so on and so on, till only two

were left alive. Thus came about the destruction of all but two of those thousand men.

Well, those two fellows somehow or other carried off the spoil, and near a certain village they hid it in an impenetrable forest. Then one of them sat on guard with a drawn sword, while the other entered the village to get rice to cook for a meal.

Now there is a proverb: "Greed is the root of destruction." So the one who sat on guard thought thus to himself: "When he comes back we shall have to divide the spoil, share and share alike. Suppose I stab him just as he comes back." So he got his sword ready and sat there awaiting his return.

Now the other was thinking all the time: "That treasure will have to be divided, share and share alike. Suppose I put some poison in the food and make that fellow eat it, kill him off and get the spoil for myself."

So when the rice was cooked, he ate some himself, put poison in the rest and went back with it. Just as he was setting it down, the other cut him in halves with his sword, stowed the body in a secret place, ate the rice, and there and then came to his end. Thus, because of that treasure all of those thousand came to destruction.

After a day or so, the Bodhisattva returned with the ransom. As he could not find his teacher in that place, but saw some of the treasure scattered about, he said to himself: "My teacher must have disobeyed my warning and caused a shower of gems to fall. So all must have come by their end," and off he went along the high road.

There he came upon his teacher's body cut in halves, and said: "He died through disobeying me." So he gathered sticks and made a funeral pile, then burned the body, made an offering of jungle flowers, went on and found the five hundred robbers lying dead, then found the two hundred and fifty, and so on in due course till he saw two bodies lying alone.

Then he thought: "Of one thousand all are dead save two. There must be two left, and they also will have been unable to keep their hands off each other. Where can they have gone?" So he went on and came to the path where they had turned aside with the treasure. There he saw the treasure in a heap and one of the robbers lying dead with the bowl overturned. Then he knew: "This is what they have done." And he thought: "Now, where can that fellow be?" So he searched and found the body cast aside in a secluded spot. Then he thought to himself: "My teacher disregarded my advice through stubbornness, and he came thus by his ruin, and all through him a thousand men have perished. Alas! By ill means men desire their own gain, and, like my teacher, come to utter ruin." Thereupon he sang this verse:

> He that desireth gain by wrongful ways
> must suffer woe.
> Rogues slew Vedabbha. Therefore one and all
> have met their doom.

Thus spoke the Bodhisattva: "As my teacher by unlawful ways and wrong effort caused a shower of gems to fall, and thereby reached his doom, and was the cause of the destruction of others, so shall anyone who strives for his own profit and makes wrong effort be utterly destroyed himself and be the cause of others' doom."

So saying he made the forest echo with his words and the wood fairies cried: "Well done! Well done!" So by this verse he taught the Rule, took up the treasure and somehow got it home. There he lived for the rest of his days, doing righteous deeds, and finally, when life was over, departed and filled up his place in the heaven world.—Translated from *The Jâtaka*, Bk. 1.

F. L. WOODWARD

Tame Humming Bird is Found on Nest

While hunting in the woods along the Delaware Bay shore, near Cape May Point, 25 members of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Society came across a female humming bird sitting on a nest of eggs that were so tiny that it almost required the use of a microscope to tell what color the eggs were. The humming bird was so tame that members of the party went up to the nest and patted the tiny head of the humming bird.

Walter Smith, told of the birds went over along the shore, found the little bird mother on her nest and took a photograph of both bird and nest.

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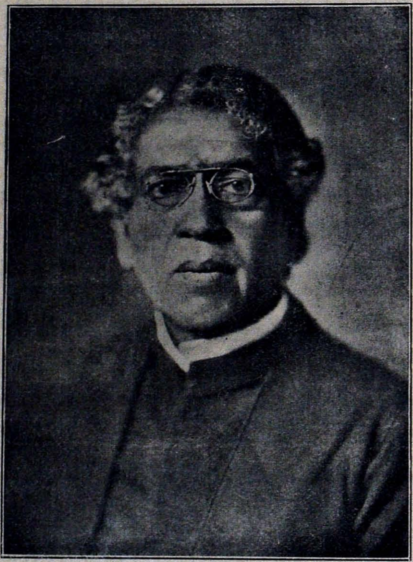
Man of the Hour

SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE, HIS LIFE AND WORK

IN modern times, we hear of a great number of scientists who have done original work. They are all great in the sense that they have improved on the older methods of experimentation, observation and inferences. Only very few have opened up new vistas. It is reserved for geniuses. Such a genius is Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose. He has experimentally shown that sentiency is a property of Matter, leading on to the pervading unity in all things.

Sir Jagadish was born on November 30, 1850, as the son of the late Bhagwân Chandra Bose. The father was a Sub-Divisional officer at Faridpur, but the family home of the Boses was Rarikhall, Vikrampur in Dacca. Young Jagadish was sent early to the village Pâthâshâlâ, in preference to the English School. Here he heard stories from the *Mahâbhârata* and the *Râmâyana*. He was impressed by the character of Shri Râma and the soldierly devotion of his brother Lakshmana, but "the characters were mostly too good and too perfect". "The old warriors of the *Mahâbhârata*, more rudely virile and strenuous, with their defects and qualities, at once human and superhuman," appealed to his imagination much more. Of all the heroes, Karna's birth, life and character attracted him most. Born as the eldest of the Pândavas and the son of the Sun, he should have been the King. Floated away by his mother Kûnti and his uncle Shri Krishna, he was found by the charioteer of Duryodhana and was brought up by him. From this occurrence came his "low caste," his rejection and all disadvantages. His life was a series of disappointments and defects. He always played, acted and fought fair. On the eve of the Great Battle, his mother revealed the secret of his birth and asked him to join the Pândavas so that he might be the Emperor. He refused to change sides, telling her that those who brought him up were his true mother and father. Even in battle God was unfriendly and he died in an honest fight. Thus young Jagadish was attracted to this and other great traditions of the Heroic Age of India.



At sixteen, Jagadish left school and passed on to S. Xavier's College, Calcutta. Here he came under the influence of the Rev. Father Lafont, who was renowned for combining intellectual lucidity with wealth of experimental device and resource. In later life, Jagadish fully represented and even surpassed his honored master in these qualities. Obtaining his B.A., his ambition was to visit England for future training. With the greatest financial strain, his father was induced to send him to London, where he joined the Medical College. But he was of delicate health and had frequent attacks of fever, made more intense by the odors of the dissecting-room. He was advised by his professors to give up medical studies. So he left London and took up Science at Cambridge. In 1881, he won a Natural Science Scholarship at Christ's College. At the outset, Bose was still perplexed as to his course and was uncertain of his aptitudes. He adopted the plan of attending as fully as possible all the courses of Science lectures and as many laboratories as possible. In the second year he

settled down to regular work in Physics, Chemistry and Botany. He took his Cambridge degree in the Natural Science Tripos and without further work, his London B. Sc.

At twenty-five, he returned to Calcutta, armed with triple degrees of Calcutta, Cambridge and London, and a letter of introduction to the then Viceroy—Lord Ripon. The Governor-General at Simla received him kindly and promised to nominate him to the Educational Service. But when Bose called on the Director of Public Instruction in Calcutta, he was offered only a post in the Provincial Service which he promptly declined to accept. Later on, owing to the pressure from the Government of India, the Director, Sir Alfred Croft, gave him an officiating appointment in the Imperial Service as the Professor of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta. It will be interesting to note that the then Principal of the College, Mr. C. H. Tawney, protested against this appointment. He reported that Indians had no aptitude for the exact methods of Science and that therefore India must look to the West for her teachers.

During the three years' probation, Bose established great influence over his students by his capacity for teaching and maintenance of discipline. Then his Principal and the Director realised his capacity and character, and they became his staunchest friends. Bose was inflexible where questions of principle were concerned, and he realised the secret that the best way to get on with an Englishman is to stand up to him.

At that time, according to his statement, "there was no laboratory worth the name in the Presidency College". But he was patient, and in ten years, a provision was made for a small laboratory which he called "a blessing in disguise". With such conditions and with the help of an untrained tinsmith, he was able to devise and construct new apparatus for his first research on electric radiation. He sent in his first paper in 1896, which was published by the Royal Society, by whom he was also given a grant. The University of London conferred on him its Doctorate of Science without examination. Lord Kelvin and Mr. Cornu wrote to him in eulogistic terms. He took them all "not in a spirit of mere personal gratification, but as an encouragement to incessant work, which should win for his countrymen recognition of their capacity for Science".

At this time, Bose had twenty-six hours of weekly lectures and demonstration in the College, and so he had neither time nor money at his disposal. Slowly the Government of Bengal sanctioned an annual grant of Rs. 2,500 towards the outlay of his research carried on at the Presidency College, but this did not mitigate the pressure of his daily routine work. Thus he passed through years of severe overwork and strain.

His first researches were purely physical, on Wireless Telegraphy. This was done independently at about the same time as Professor Marconi of Bologna. Hertz showed experimentally that light and electrical waves are similar, and his work was completed by Bose. So far back as 1895, he held an experimental demonstration in the Town Hall in the presence of the Governor. He transmitted ether waves through a solid wall and a line of men, and made it displace a heavy weight, ring a bell and explode a miniature mine placed in a closed room. He photographed (1901) a leaf in a dark box without light by electrical oscillations.

His second research is on the Theory of Molecular Stress. He found that the receiver made of steel springs coated with cobalt became less sensitive after continual experimentation. He also found that the springs regained their sensitiveness after a rest of several hours. This behavior is just like the fatigue experienced by animals. Further he found that after several day's rest they become insensitive due to idleness and sloth, of course, revived by a stimulus like an electric shock. This led him to formulate his Strain Theory of photographic plates.

This attracted the notice of the leading men of Science in England. Lord Lister, the father of modern Surgery and the then President of the Royal Society, with all other scientists, sent a memorial to the Secretary of State for India to establish a central laboratory for advance research work in Calcutta.

The fatigue exhibited by his receiver led him to new fields of investigation. The researches are now published under the title of *The Response of the Living and Non-Living.* In this he has actually shown animals (muscles and nerves), plants and metals making autographic records of response. They are all affected similarly by nervous stimuli. Mechanical work, heat, light, sound or electricity act as stimuli. Responses are recorded by mechanical or electrical recorders, directly chemical re-agents, anæsthetics like chloroform and ether; poisons like arsenic and cyanides, depressants like potassium bromide, and stimulants like alcohol, react with plants and metals exactly as with any animal. So striking are these that one day, when Bose was showing his records to Sir Michael Foster, the veteran Physiologist of Cambridge, the latter picked up one and said: "Come, now, Bose, what is the novelty in this curve? We have known it for half century." "What do you think is it?" asked Bose. "Why, a curve of muscle response, of course." "Pardon me, it is the response of metallic tin." "What," said Sir Michael, jumping up, "Tin! did you say tin?" His wonder knew no bounds, and he wanted the same to be published in the Royal Society's *Journal.* But Bose met with a blow from Sir Burdon Sanderson, who objected to the use of the word "Response," and wanted him to substitute "Reactions" for it. The former being a physiological term was not to be used by a physicist! Bose declined to alter, and his paper remained unpublished, consigned to the archives of the Royal Society. This refusal to publish his paper made him write books—detailing his experimental researches. They are in six volumes and three more of the *Transactions* of the Bose Research Institute.

He made a world tour, lecturing on his work, in all important centres and thus broadcasted this new Science. He retired from service in 1915, and was made Professor Emeritus on full pay. On November 30, 1917, he dedicated the Institute not as a Laboratory but as a Temple. He had refused to take any patent for any of his discoveries. Here students are encouraged, and many have made research as their life work.

Bose is a great patriot and he expects that the "past shall be reborn in a yet nobler future". Even as a scientist, he carries on his brows the "calm wisdom of his Vedic heritage". He is a scientific mystic, and I may quote here two of his speeches to justify the same:

"Who is He that sits within striking the molecules this way and that? Or, what is He, pure, free, ever the witness? Who interprets the records of strain, using the brain as His galvonometer, and discarding alike the laboratory and its instruments, when these no longer please Him?"

He said in concluding his lecture at the Royal Institution, on the 10th of May, 1902:

"It was when I came upon the mute witness of these self-made records and perceived in them one phase of pervading unity that bears within it all things; the mote that quivers and ripples of light, the teeming life upon our earth, and the radiant suns that shine above us—it was then that I understood for the first time a little of that message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago."

"They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal Truth, unto none else, unto none else."

The Black Buck and the Shikari

A Shikari from behind a low hedge was just on the point of pulling the trigger, when struck with the magnificent appearance of the black buck there, only twenty paces in front of him, he said: "No, I can't shoot so fine an animal. But stand there for a minute. I am a bit of an artist, and I would like to make a copy direct from nature." The black buck threw his head back, gave a great bound in the air, and was away in the twinkling of an eye, but not before he said: "Now, my good fellow, that won't wash. Don't I see you every day driving those innocent sheep and goats, my poor cousins, to the slaughter house, to have their throats cut for your breakfast? No, I can't believe the likes of you," and away he went.

Leonardo da Vinci, (1452-1519)

By D. H. S.

THE figure of Leonardo da Vinci is one of the most fascinating in all the history of Mediæval Europe, and he is also probably the most versatile genius on record. In Dmitri Merejkowski's wonderful book, *The Forerunner—The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*, he has drawn a wonderful picture of the Master-Artist and Scientist moving through the varied scenes of those times. We see him among the high and low, in Court and market-place and studio, always a man apart, cut off by his far wider knowledge, isolated by his very greatness from the childlike people of his day. How little he has in common with the rich with their butterfly-lives of sensual enjoyment and gaiety, or with the poor with all their superstitions and ignorance! Yet he is always compassionate, and his very humaneness distinguishes him from his fellows. We see him a tireless seeker after knowledge of Nature's laws, filled with an insatiable curiosity. And to him to know is to love. "Who knows little, loves little," he says. "Great love is the daughter of great wisdom." Nor does he accept any authority save that of his own first-hand experience. He acknowledges no teacher, and experiment is his only road to knowledge. Though he goes down to posterity as one of the greatest of artists, it is possible that his art became the secondary interest in his life and his search for exact knowledge the first.

As one reads Merejkowski's book, a pageant of famous figures passes before one's eyes: Ludovico Sforza, Leonardo's patron for many years, with his wife Beatrice D'Este; Charles VIII, the half-witted "most Christian King of France"; Savonarola, thundering in the Cathedral at Florence; Cesare Borgia; Machiavelli; Raphael and Michelangelo; astrologers, alchemists, witches; and all manner of people, great and small, good and bad, common and uncommon. How far the book is historically accurate it is difficult for the average reader to tell, for the writer has clothed the dry bones of history with the flesh and blood of imagination. But for more sober facts we may turn to more formal biographies, and to works of reference.

Not only was Leonardo a master-painter, he was also sculptor, architect, musician, inventor, mechanician, engineer, and natural philosopher. Among the many subjects to which he turned his attention were mathematics and geometry, civil and military engineering, statics, dynamics, hydraulics, human and animal anatomy, the laws of light and shade, cosmography, physical geography, and various branches of applied science, such as irrigation, sanitation and town-planning.

"History tells of no man gifted in the same degree as Leonardo was at once for science and art. In art, he was an inheritor and perfector, born in a day of great and many-sided endeavors on which he put the crown, surpassing both predecessors and contemporaries. In science, on the other hand, he was a pioneer, working wholly for the future and for a great part alone......Florence had had other sons of comprehensive genius, artistic and mechanical, Leon Battista Alberti perhaps the chief. But the more the range and character of Leonardo's work becomes ascertained the more his greatness dwarfs them all. A hundred years before Bacon, say those who can judge best, he showed a firmer grasp of the principles of experimental science than Bacon showed, fortified by a far wider rânge of actual experiment and observation......"[1]

We read of him in the period of his "all-capable and dazzling youth":

"......From time to time he would even in youth seclude himself for a season in complete intellectual absorption, as when he toiled among his bats, wasps, and lizards, forgetful of rest and food, and insensible to the noisomeness of their corruption.

But we have to picture him as anon coming out and gathering about him a tatterdemalion company, and jesting with them until they were in fits of laughter, for the sake of observing their burlesque physiognomies; anon as eagerly frequenting the society of men of science and learning of an older generation......; or as out-rivalling all the youth of the city, now by charm of recitation, now by skill in music and now by feats of strength and horsemanship; or as stopping to buy caged birds in the market, that he might set them free and watch them rejoicing in their flight; or again as standing radiant in his rose-colored cloak and his rich gold hair among the throng of young and old on the *piazza*, and holding them spell-bound while he expatiated on the great projects in art and mechanics that were teeming in his mind."[2]

During a considerable part of his life he was employed in capacities other than that of artist, and much of his time was given perforce to all sorts of occupations which were required of him by his princely employers or patrons, notably to the drawing up, and less often to the carrying out, of

1. *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 2. *Ibid.*

plans for works of engineering, both civil and military. Here we come across one of the curious apparent paradoxes of his character. Though he spoke of war as "most bestial madness" (pazzia bestiallissima), and was by nature utterly averse to any form of conflict, yet we find him figuring as military engineer to unscrupulous princes, and inventing engines of war! Though one of the most compassionate of men, we read of him as accompanying condemned criminals to their execution, to catch the last expression on their dying faces. And he sacrifices the lives of numbers of insects and flying creatures, in his endeavors to comprehend the principles of flight, though he would stoop to lift a worm from the path lest it should be crushed.

Some of his occupations were extremely trivial; much of his time at Milan, for example, must have been spent in arranging masques and pageants to amuse the jaded Court, and in the application of his mechanical genius to extremely trivial ends, such as fitting hot-water pipes for the Duchess' bathroom, or installing a system of speaking-tubes in the palace to satisfy the whim of his patron.

Probably no other artist of equal fame has left behind so little of actual art-achievements. Three of his greatest works have either entirely or very nearly perished. The famous "Cenacolo," or Last Supper, is one of these. It depicts the Christ and His disciples, seated at the supper table, at the moment when the Christ has just uttered the prophetic words: "One of you shall betray Me," and each of the disciples, in his characteristic manner, shows the amazement or horror which the words arouse in him. It is said of this picture that it "became the first and has ever since remained the typical representation of the scene". It is supposed that the last two of the heads to be painted were those of Judas, "the Betrayer," and the Christ Himself. The former is described as "a face terrible but not repulsive, not wicked even, but big with infinite grief, with the profound bitterness of great knowledge". And as to the latter, it is said that it was only after meditating unsuccessfully for over ten years that his imagination was able to achieve the conception of the Master's Head. He was always a slow worker, so far as actual production was concerned, for he worked with infinite patience, re-painting again and again where his work did not satisfy him, and the story goes that he would hurry to the picture from the other end of Milan only to add a few strokes of the brush and then again depart. Possibly even in Leonardo's lifetime it was discovered that the wall on which the picture was painted was not in a proper condition, and that the method and materials used in the painting were not entirely satisfactory. These facts and subsequent ill-usage and unskilled "restoration" had, we are told, almost achieved the complete ruination of the picture until, in recent years, skill and science together have secured the preservation of what remains of it, while the actually bare patches of plaster have been carefully repainted.

Either simultaneously with, or immediately after, the completion of this great religious work, he must have been engaged on the great "Cavallo," the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, the father of Leonardo's patron, the clay model of which stood twenty-six feet high in the courtyard of the Castello, and bore the extravagant inscription: "Ecce Deus!" (Behold a God!). But here too misfortune dogged his footsteps, and when Milan was occupied by the French in 1500, the great clay masterpiece, not yet cast in bronze, was made a butt for their arrows by the Gascon archers and almost entirely destroyed.

The next great masterpiece to suffer was the famous "Battle of the Standard," painted on the wall of the Council Hall at Florence. This work was, at the time, a revelation of what could be portrayed of violent action and movement, and of the bestial madness of war. It was a revelation also to Michelangelo, at work on the opposite wall, and, we are told, he was not slow to profit by the lesson. But this time Leonardo used a new method in which the colors when applied were to be fixed by means of heat, and unhappily the experiment failed, and once again one of the greatest of masterpieces was lost to the world, and even the cartoon (preliminary sketch) of the picture has been lost.

Even the world-famed Mona Lisa, "La Gioconda," has not survived intact, for it has suffered "partly from injury and partly because in striving for effects of light and shade, the painter was accustomed to model his figures on a dark ground, and in this, as in his other oil pictures, the ground has to a large extent come through. Nevertheless, even in its dimmed and blackened state, the portrait casts an irresistable spell..." It is the portrait of a Neapolitan lady, and much has been written about her peculiarly fascinating and enigmatical smile.

One of his great dreams was that men should fly. He must have given much time to the experiments and investigations he made in this direction, and it is said that the principles on which he was basing his attempts were entirely sound. He is said to have been a vegetarian, and he used to write a curious "looking-glass caligraphy," or

reversed writing, written with the left hand from right to left, and it may be that he adopted this practice in order to render it a little more difficult for ignorant persons to read his writings. Even as it was, though he made public practically nothing of the results of his varied researches, he was suspected, not only of heresy and atheism, but of being a black magician and sorcerer.

In all business and money matters he seems to have been unpractical and probably over-generous, and whatever money flowed into his hands very soon flowed out again, so that he never accumulated wealth, as did Michelangelo and Raphael, and was often on the verge of penury. He apparently learned Latin and Greek comparatively late in life, and one of his supposed sayings shows little respect for the classics. "He who can drink from the fountain," he says, "will not drink from the cup," nature being the fountain and the classics the cup.

One turns away baffled from the attempt to discover any central purpose in his life. One can only see his two great passions, the passion to KNOW and the passion to CREATE, but it almost seems as though he were their slave rather than their master. No touch of littleness mars the beauty of his character. Every part of his nature is modelled on the grand scale. He is humane, generous, tolerant of the weaknesses of others, wise, calm, and incapable of jealousy, yet withal full of the humility of true greatness. Detachment and impersonality are among his most marked characteristics, and he appears to keep entirely aloof from the political struggles of the times and seems to be utterly indifferent as to which of the two opposing camps he serves, and entirely unconcerned with moral issues. Probably one of the few fellow-beings to understand him was his devoted friend and pupil, Francesco Melzi, who, though so much younger, understood him with the insight of a great love.

How deeply stirring is the thought of this great man in his later life, lonely, suspected, misunderstood, outstripped in life's race by those who in the field of Art had risen largely by climbing on his shoulders, put into the shade by men of more facile genius like Raphael, witnessing the destruction or decay of some of his greatest works, yet true to the end to his inner self, following his own self-chosen path of patient and laborious research, regarding even his art as but a series of experiments! One feels glad that, thanks to the patronage of an enlightened monarch, he at least found a safe asylum in which to end his days, even though it was in a foreign land.

As a fitting conclusion to this sketch, some of his own sayings may be quoted, which give us a glimpse into his mind and show the deeply philosophical trend of his thought and his never-ending wonder at the beauty and perfection of Nature.

Sayings of Leonardo da Vinci

If you wish to be an artist, put away all grief and care from your mind, save that for art itself. Let your soul be as a mirror reflecting all objects, all colors, all movements, but itself remaining ever clear and unmoved.

O wonderful justice of Thee, Thou Prime Mover! You have willed that no force should lack the order and quality of its necessary effects. O Thrice-Marvellous Necessity!

The love of anything is the outcome of knowledge of it. The love becomes more fervent as the knowledge becomes more sure......Great love is the off-spring of great wisdom.

All that is humanly beautiful dies, but not in art.

The painter must be universal.

Poor is the man of many wants.

The best shield against injustice is to double the cloak of long-suffering.

As a day well spent gives joyful sleep, so does a life well spent give joyful death.

If the eagle can sustain himself in the rarest atmosphere, if great ships by means of sails can float across the waves, why cannot likewise man, by means of powerful wings, make himself lord of the winds, and rise, the conquerer of space?

The artist who has no mistrust of himself will never attain to the supreme heights of art. Well for thee if thy work be higher, ill for thee if it be equal, woe to thee if it fall below, thine own estimation! Pitiful is that artificer who, persuaded that he has produced a masterpiece, questions wonderingly how God can have helped him to such purpose.

Listen with long-suffering to the criticisms which men pass on your picture; and weigh their words to see if, perchance, they, faulting it, be in the right. If they be right, correct; if they be wrong, feign deafness; or if they be persons worthy of notice, show them their error. The judgment of an enemy is often nearer to the truth than the judgment of a friend; hatred is often profounder than love. The intellect of him who hates, sees and penetrates better than the intellect of him who loves. A true friend is like thyself; but an ememy resembles thee not, and in this is his strength. Hatred throws light. Remember this, and despise not the criticisms of thine enemy.

Reject coarse and heavy outlines; confound your

shadows in the light, letting them vanish little by little, like smoke; like a tender music.

A little knowledge puffs up; great knowledge makes humble. Blasted ears raise proud heads; those full of grain bow down.

Truly is man the king of beasts, for his brutality exceeds theirs......We live by the death of others. We are burial places.

Most beautiful bomb. Very useful. After leaving the gun it ignites while one might pronounce an *Ave Maria.* (Written in the margin opposite the diagram of a bomb.)

The study of Nature is well pleasing to God, and is akin to prayer. Learn the laws of Nature, we magnify the First Inventor, the Designer of the world; and we learn to love Him for great love results from great knowledge. Who knows little, loves little. If you love the Creator for the favor you expect of Him, and not for His most high goodness and strength, wherein do you excel the dog who licks his master's hand in the hope of dainties? But reflect how that worthy beast, the dog, would adore his master could he comprehend his reason and his soul!......Perfect knowledge of the Universe and perfect love of God are one and the same thing.

Who feels the most, of all martyrs he is the great martyr.

The Senses belong to earth: Reason, when she contemplates, stands outside them.

The waves of light and sound are governed by the same mechanical law as that governing the waves of water: the angle of incidence equals the angle of reflection.

May the Most High assist me to study the nature of human beings, their temperaments and habits, even as here I have studied their internal organs. (Written in the margin opposite some anatomical sketches.)

Patience acts against insults not differently to clothes against cold. If you increase the clothes you wear in proportion to the increase of cold, this cold will not be able to harm you. Similarly, in the face of great insults increase your patience, and the insults will not be able to offend your mind.

(Some of these sayings are taken from the English translation of Merejkowski's book, *The Forerunner*, and may, in some cases, be paraphrases of Leonardo's thought, rather than literal translations of his actual words.)

The Spider and the Fly

A young fly had been buzzing about the tea table, to the great annoyance of the work-wearied gentleman who had peacefully settled himself down for tiffin. Now he would buzz round and round his head, sometimes sitting on his ear, and making a foolish attempt to get into his ear hole, sometimes perching on the jam-smeared teaspoon and coming back, again and again, as often as he was driven away, now he would most vexingly alight on the tip of his nose and fly away again with such dexterity, that the good gentleman never succeeded in catching him, but only in rapping his own nose more vigorously than was good for him. At last, he settled on the edge of jam pot, made a good meal of it, and, after pruning his wings very gingerly, as much as to say, "I have not done badly to-day, I will come again to-morrow", he flew away to a corner of the room, and, alas, right into the web of a large spider, who had long been waiting there for him. "Ha!" said the spider, "I have you now," and was about to make short work of him. But the fly pleaded for his life so pitifully that he almost succeeded in making out a 'special case,' and, most wonderful to relate, the spider actually began to have some doubts on the subject, a circumstance most unusual with him, but on more mature reflection, which was greatly accelerated by a seven days' appetite—for not so much as even a mosquito had he had during that period—the spider said: "My plump little Buzzer, I admit that all that you say is true, and that I ought to let you off. Also, you have my full sympathy, but I cannot neglect this plain fact, *viz.*, in the history of the world, it has never yet been known that a spider has ever let a fly go, when he had once got him in his trap. Do you think that we spin these fine hexagonal webs for nothing? No, history, and the whole economy of the universe are hanging in the balance, which way I decide: the one will be sullied for ever, and the other will quite go to the dogs, if I let you off. I just can't." However, the poor fly again pleaded with redoubled energy, using all those arts which rhetoricians and logicians call by hard names, and phrases like *argumentum and hominem*—and at last the spider agreed to refer the matter to the man at the tea table, who, luckily for them, happened to be a very great naturalist. The question was put to him: Has a spider ever been known to let a fly off when once fairly and squarely caught in his net? The man pulled down great volumes one by one from the shelves, and, after turning over the pages for a long time, he gave his answer —No. "There you are. I knew it all along. I cannot spoil such a record," said the spider, as he pounced upon the fly, and there and then made an end of him.

Roerich Exhibition

NEW YORK

November, 1924

BY C. JINARAJADASA

Roerich stands apart so completely from all other painters that it is difficult to know how to describe his work. In the Exhibition of his pictures in November last, at the Roerich Museum in New York, the first impression was a mixed one of power over color, combined with a remarkable quality of objective Mysticism, if one may use such a contradictory phrase. During the last twenty-five years, European painters have been attempting to break into a new world of color and form, and hence the revolutionary attempts in Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, etc. In all these, there is an attempt to see outward objects not through any one sense alone, but, as it were, through all the senses of sight, touch, smell, hearing, and so on. The results of these experiments have been all kinds of kaleidoscopic jumbles which have more stupefied than inspired. A first glimpse at the work of Roerich shows that he has succeeded where others tried. I have not come across any artist who lives in color quite to the same extent as Roerich. Color for him becomes a medium to transmit not only light, but also something invisible which baffles description. Many artists often have a leaning more to one color than to another. But Roerich seems to be at home in all the colors, so that his Exhibition shows pictures giving a message of embodied light of all the colors, each having something striking to convey. Then, too, while Roerich is true to all he paints, so that he is not a pure impressionist but more a landscape artist, yet, at the same time, he senses an element of symbolism in a mountain range or a village scene which he paints. It is impossible in a verbal description, without the pictures, in

THE FIRE BLOSSOM

LAOTZE COMING TO INDIA

any way to convey the impression of the remarkable achievement in the paintings of Roerich. Some of the most noteworthy pictures in his Exhibition are his paintings of scenes in Nepal, where with mountains and snows he brings also the striking outlines of the Tibetan Temples and dwellings combining all these to give a sense of power and charm. If one can sum up the qualities of Roerich, one would say that there is, first, a tremendous mastery over color, and then an element of Symbolism and Mysticism, which makes his creations stand out in a world where few artists as yet feel the mystical life.

PADMA SAMBHAVA TALKING WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS

The Two Bees

An old bee and a young bee were flying about from flower to flower, in a big garden, sipping nectar, and gathering honey. When the sun began to go down, the old bee said: "Come. It is time to go home now." But the young bee said: "Wait a bit. There is one flower more I would like to visit; that bright red one there, which I have been looking for all the day, and have only just now found. It is full of nectar. I know it, for I went to it yesterday." The old bee said: "Let that flower alone. That is a tulip, and shuts up at sunset." "Get away you, and go home," said the young bee, "I have visited it—and hundreds like it before—and I know better." So he would not listen, but went and entered into that bright and beautiful looking flower, and remained there a long time, gathering the pollen, and draining the nectar, as deep down as he could go. The young bee turned round to fly away, but alas! the flower had closed behind him, and that bee never came out again.

THE SIGNS OF CHRIST

A Life's Epitome

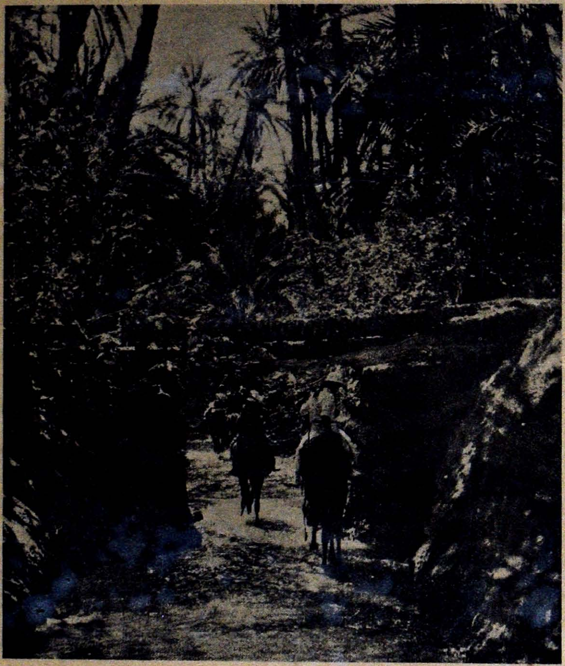
She sought everything
She lost everything
She found everything

Science Hints for the Lost Atlantis

BY ANNA REED

ARCHÆOLOGY is following the trail of dead cities in its first search for the Lost Atlantis. Across the Sahara, the caravan of science, with its quota of high-powered motor trucks, will journey to the Hoggar—believed to be the outposts of an antediluvian world.

From Carthage the route, surveyed and partly explored during the present year by Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok under the control of the French Service des Antiquités, leads down the African coast to Leptis Magna. There it switches back into the desert, passing the ancient crossroads of Ghadames, and then advances northward to the Mediterranean.



At the vertex of the 4,000-mile triangle the Hoggar plateau lies in an inaccessible spur of the Atlas Mountains. From a remote past it has been associated with a continent in the Atlantic Ocean, where once dwelt the "great, original, broad-eyed, sunken race," who gave to the world the arts of civilisation before it vanished in a dreadful cataclysm.

Next Spring, upon his return from the United States, Count de Prorok will attempt to connect the Hoggar with the story of a submerged continent. In his search he is guided by the historians of antiquity, by countless legends and by his own recent discoveries. He believes that vestiges of the Lost Atlantis are to be found in the "emporia" on the shores of Tripoli and Southern Tunisia, and in the carvings of strange monuments strewn over the trackless wastes.

To those who reject as fable Plato's description of the vast island that once existed between the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mexican Gulf his position may suggest scientific heresy.

Old Legends Substantiated

"But explorations in North Africa must eventually lead to heresy," says the distinguished young archæologist in defence of his aim to locate definitely the birthplace of civilisation in mid-Sahara. "Workers in this field," he explains, "see legend substantiated at every turn and have learned to respect the stories of flood and deluge that linger in the universal memory."

Count de Prorok's excavations at Carthage have already undermined the outer walls of history. His unearthing of an Egyptian culture there that preceded the Phœnicians by at least five hundred years is the starting point of his proposed investigations.

As one of his main objectives, he hopes to prove that the Egyptians had their origin in the desolate Hoggar spur of the Atlas Mountains—the mysterious "land of fear" which has tempted few explorers and from which fewer have returned. Accepting the age-old theory that the Hoggar is the remnant of a vanished continent and the region where man first emerged from barbarism, Count de Prorok holds that the Egyptians were Atlantean colonists. Whether they came down from the Hoggar directly into Carthage or whether they pushed across the

Sahara to the banks of the Nile and from there sent a colony to Carthage is a secret that he may eventually wrest from the shifting sands.

Many versions of the lost Atlantis have been given by ancient and modern writers. Practically every race of the Old and New worlds has its tradition of a great natural catastrophe that wiped out a large portion of the human family. Generally pictured as peopled by supermen, all the myths and the alleged historical accounts agree on the existence of a great land where mankind lived peacefully and happily over a long period.

The story, as related by the priests of Egypt to Solon, "wisest of the Greeks," and preserved by his descendant, Plato, tells of the disappearance of Atlantis beneath the ocean in one day and night. The archives of the Temple of Sais recorded the event as the result of terrific earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and placed it at nine thousand years before Solon's time.

The Hoggar has long been identified with Plato's description of the "nature and arrangement" of Atlantis. "The whole country," he relates, "was very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea, but the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plain, itself surrounded by mountains which descended towards the sea; it was smooth and even, but of an oblong shape, extending in one direction three thousand stadia, and going up the country from the sea through the centre of the island two thousand stadia; the whole region of the island lies towards the south and is sheltered from the north. The surrounding mountains were celebrated for their number and size and beauty, in which they exceeded all that are to be seen anywhere."

Count de Prorok's expedition faces its most baffling problem in the co-ordination of geologic and paleolithic evidences found in Southern Tunisia. The Gafsa, Tamerza and Redeyf regions have yielded traces of pre-historic man, yet there is ample proof that these same burning sands, with their fossilised remains, are a deposit of the sea and that the entire desert was once the floor of the ocean.

Tozeur, half-way between the coast and the Ghadames crossroads, has its legend of an ancient galley found embedded many feet below the surface. To the Arabs the place is still known as Mersa-es-Sahara, or the "inland port". It is a matter of record that at or near this spot in 1306 a caravan of 1,000 camels suddenly sank into the earth. Not far away, at Neffa, a whole city lies buried, and the sands are rapidly advancing to devour the present city.

Desert Still a Mystery

But neither the earliest historians nor the latest discoveries have pierced the mystery of the Sahara itself. In his study of its vast literature, Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok has found no key to its condition at the dawn of civilisation. There is no definite theory offered in the writings of Herodotus, Pliny, Strabo, Ptolemy, Pomponius, Martin of Tyre, Diodorus of Sicily, Dion Cassius, Solon, Photius, nor by any other of the long list, including Leon, the African and the foremost Arab authorities.

Secrets of the Sahara

Was the Sahara a part of the lost Atlantis? Did it collapse and fall to the bottom of the ocean to be thrown up in another cataclysm? Or, did the waters merely recede after their destruction of "the sacred island lying beneath the sun that brought forth all fair and wondrous things in infinite abundance"—leaving the bleak, towering Hoggar in a sea of sand?

These are questions that Count de Prorok's expedition will endeavor to answer through a programme of research that will extend over twenty years.

Admitting that the sphinx for forty centuries has derided those who have racked their brains with the same puzzle, Count de Prorok believes that he is nearing an authentic clue. "It would be a bit of Egyptian irony," he says, "if we were to find it on the very road that linked Thebes with the distant interior."

He hopes at least to be able to ascertain how long, within the stretch of coherent history, a highly civilised people, perhaps the survivors of Atlantis, continued to dwell in the Hoggar. He expects to be rewarded with some tangible information when he digs at the sites of the Greek, Roman and Carthaginian "emporia" and along the trade routes that ran like arteries to the desert's heart. He maintains that the inscriptions left by Punic merchants should reveal the source of the ivory and gold and slaves that passed through the "emporia" destined for Greece and Rome, and illumine, if ever so vaguely, those remote Sahara markets from which Hannibal obtained his mighty elephat herds.

But along the entire length of the trail marked by dead cities, there is striking confirmation of the possibility of the upheaval that, legend holds, wrenched the Hoggar from a continent. The North African coast is an almost unbroken record of successive risings and fallings of the land, of the encroachments of the sea and the shifting of geographical positions as the result of violent or gradual changes. The Medjerda River, the largest in Tunisia, known to the ancients as the Macra

and the Baccara, played an important rôle in the Punic Wars. To-day its location gives no hint of its historical or topographical relation to Carthage. Her unruly course has changed the landscape of Utica, and its enormous alluvial deposits have completely covered the ancient harbors, leaving the famed seaport of Cæsar and of Cato some thirty miles inland.

Count de Prorok points out that the peninsula of Carthage itself has undergone great changes due to the continuous silting of the sand. The neck of land adjoining the peninsula to the mainland is much wider now than it was in the days of the Carthaginians. His measurements of the speed of the ever-advancing sands shows that in a thirty-mile-an-hour gale off the coast the dunes gained one foot in three hours.

"Once while walking over the dunes," he relates, "I suddenly saw two or three sprigs of green fig leaves protruding from the sand at my feet. I stopped to make investigations and found that those few leaves belonged to a large fig tree, which had been so quickly enveloped that the tree itself during the course of burial had still retained its life. Not far from here and over the crest of the sands I discovered a grove of large and healthy fig trees apparently awaiting a similar fate. Close by I observed the remains of an antique edifice and many marble columns half buried in the encroaching sands."

A 2,000-year-old Baedeker, known as *The Itinerary of Antoine*, guided Count de Prorok and his Franco-American expedition in a preliminary survey of the Hoggar route. The journey's first lap, between Carthage and Leptis Magna, leads through a territory rich in ancient marvels. Along its course are the catacombs of Sousse and near them, off the coast, is Mahdia, where lies the sunken Greek Treasure Galley with its statues of the period of Pericles awaiting salvage. Toward the desert rise the magnificent Temples of Sbeitla, and the great Coliseum of El Djem, where La Kahena, the African Joan of Arc, was besieged by Hassan.

A Submarine City

And finally it reaches the Little Syrte, the "Inhospitable Sea" of Virgil's "Aeneid". Here, off Djerba, the famed "Isle of the Lotus Eaters" has just been located, a submarine city which will be explored at the beginning of the season by the Franco-American expedition. The divers who reported its discovery to Count de Prorok a few months ago told of an expanse of noble ruins through the doorways of which "fish swam in and out". The reports were verified and the first submarine archæologists will soon begin their research by removing tentacles from walls and tearing off barnacles from mosaic floors.

The sunken city is not the only proof on the coast of the Lesser Syrtes of disturbances such as might have formed the Hoggar. The River Triton, that once flowed through the sands from the Atlas Mountains, has completely disappeared, like the great sea that preceded it. At the site of its mouth stands the Greco-Roman city of Gigthis, with its magnificent ruins facing on the desert. In the general vicinity is Zita, noted for the huge pipes that carried olive oil to the ships, some of which still remain intact.

On the shores of the Lesser Syrtes and back into the Sahara there is a focusing of strange peoples. To this day many of them preserve the customs that caused ancient travellers to marvel. Among them are the Troglodites who make their dwellings beneath the surface, and the Tuaregs, the descendants of the ancient Libyans, formerly known as the "Afri," from whom Africa receives its name. Their women are unveiled, but the faces of the men are heavily swathed. In olden times, this spot was inhabited by the Getuli, who ate all things that were regarded as inedible, and who were a source of horror to the Carthaginians, themselves addicted to roasting and stuffing little dogs. Their neighbors were the Garamantes, the lost people, believed to be the world's first pacifists. In their undeciphered rock sculptures archæology seeks for Lost Atlantis clues.

Past the cross roads of Ghadames and down into the Hoggar the Franco-American expedition will traverse an unknown land. No estimate has been formed of what the white wilderness will contribute to the human story. On the homeward stretch toward the Mediterranean the road passes by the famous basilica of Tebessa and the ruins of Bulla-Regia. Here the Romans built a stately city and duplicated it in every particular below ground. It is perhaps the only city in the world constructed with two complete sets of dwellings that combine Summer and Winter quarters and eliminate the expense of a vacation trip.

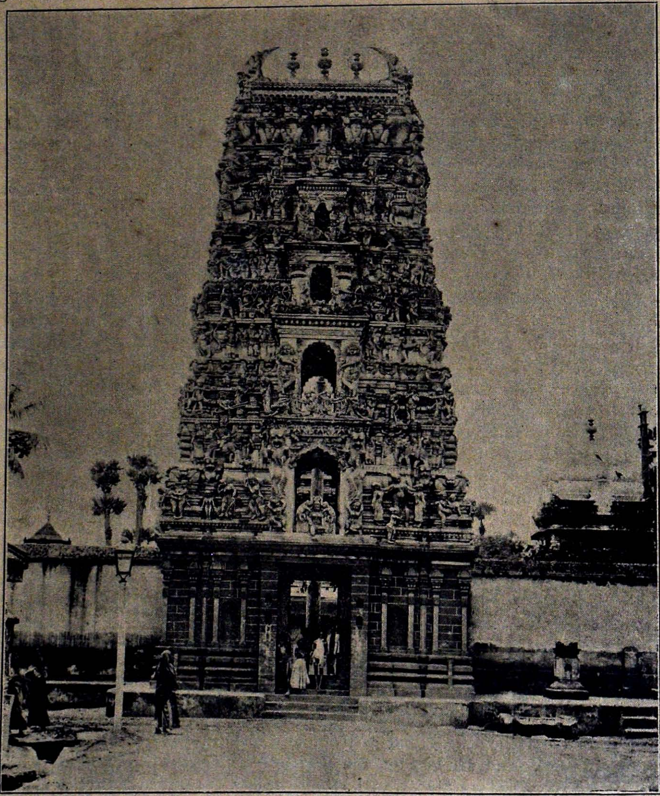
And at the close of the triangle Count de Prorok hopes to link the Egyptian civilisation which he found in the lowest strata of the Tanit necropolis with the megalithic remains of Roknia. At this site exists the largest prehistoric cemetery in the world, and recently, in one of its huge twenty-foot dolmens, was discovered the skull of an Egyptian woman with objects of the eighteenth Dynasty.

Science has regarded as practically impenetrable the mystery of the dolmens that extend through England, Brittany, Spain, and through Europe as far as the Carpathians and even to India. It has been a cherished hope that archæology would one day be able to connect them with known dates of the Berbers and the Kabyls and other ancient peoples who passed the way of North Africa, where, in the Atlas Mountains, the dolmens are to be found in their purest state.

Count de Prorok sees in the skull of the Egyptian woman, found in the megalithic tomb among the crouching dead, and in the Egyptian amulets in the bottom layer of Tanit, the indication that Egypt was a colony from the Hoggar. It serves as his surest guide over that vague path—unlighted by even tradition's fitful glare—between Thebes and an antediluvian world.—*New York Times Magazine*

The Two Lotus Leaves

Two lotus leaves lay floating on the surface of a pool, and a bright lotus flower was waving over them in the resplendent beauty of its full bloom. One of the lotus leaves lay level with the surface, and on it there were many little drops of water that glided over it like quicksilver, or rested motionless on its bosom like glittering gems. The other lotus leaf, because it lay not quite level with the surface, was now and then lifted, and shaken by the gentle breeze, so that no drop of water could remain on it. The first leaf said to the second leaf: "See how beautiful I am, bedecked with gems that reflect all the colors of the rainbow, so that the people stand on the bank of the pool only to look at me, and admire me. But no one will waste even a passing glance on you." The second leaf replied: "Don't brag too much. Those things that you call gems, are only drops of water and the Sun can dry them up; and the wind blow them away." But the next day the lotus leaf, that gloried so much in its beauty, was covered all over with sickly yellow spots and holes—for the hot sun had burned into it through every drop of water, like a lens or a burning glass—and the beautiful scarlet lotus flower still waved over both the lotus leaves in the pool.



Bhimeswaraswamy (Iswara) Alayam, Old Town, Cocoanada. One of the biggest temples

Stories from Buddhist Literature

BY MRS. M. MUSAEUS-HIGGINS

Mahosadha

IN India, in very olden times, there lived the Mahârâjâ Videha of Videha, in his royal city of Mithilâ. He had the habit of asking many questions of his four pandits, who could not always answer satisfactorily. One night he had a peculiar dream which puzzled him very much. He saw four fires in the four corners of his courtyard. They burned up quite high, but suddenly there appeared in the centre a tiny light as small as a fire-fly, which grew and grew till it was higher and brighter than any light he had seen before. The fires in the four corners grew dimmer and dimmer and the fire in the middle filled the whole place with light. He saw people walking in this fire, but they were not hurt. It shed light over the whole city and the whole of India. What could it mean? He called his four pandits and asked them for an explanation.

Seneka, the oldest of his pandits, said: "Mahârâja, this is not a bad dream. The four fires which you saw represent us, your four pandits. The bright fire in the centre means that a fifth pandit will arise and bring the light of wisdom to the whole of India.

The Mahârâjâ mused about this and made up his mind to search everywhere to find this great coming teacher. There were four market towns before the four gates of his city on the East, South, West and North, and he believed that in one of these this new pandit must have been born on the night of his dream. He sent out messengers to all four towns and found that in the East market town, a wonderful child was born to the rich merchant, Sirivaddhaka.

At the moment of his birth, the Deva Râja Sakra's throne grew warm, as a sign that something wonderful was occurring on earth. He saw that the Bodhisattva was re-born, and as he wanted to make this known to mankind, He came down to earth and placed a piece of sandal-wood in the hand of the new-born child.

"What hast thou in thine hand, child?" the mother asked.

"A great medicine which Sakra gave me," answered the babe. "Take it and use it for any one who is afflicted with any disease."

The parents wondered. The father who had been suffering with headache for seven years rubbed the sandal-wood on a stone, moistened the powder with water and put it on his forehead. And lo, his headache was gone at once! The news of this wonderful cure spread, and the house filled with sick and afflicted people, and all were cured.

"Our son must be a great healer," said the father. Therefore, at his naming day, his parents gave him the name of *Maha Osadha*, great medicine.

Mahosadha grew to be seven years old. He was a beautiful child, golden colored and straight as a palm tree. He was wise and the leader of all the thousand children born on the same day in that town, who came every day to play with him. One day a sudden rain storm came on. Mahosadha ran into a house and the others followed, but as it was impossible for all to get under shelter, he concluded that they must have a hall of their own. So he asked his little friends to bring each a gold-piece, which they did. Then he called an architect to make a plan, but Mahosadha had to show him how. It provided for sick people, travellers, had a Hall of Justice, etc., and was a wonderful structure.

The news of this child's cleverness spread everywhere, and Mahârâjâ Videha sent a Councillor to investigate, who reported that Mahosadha, while only 7 years old, was really extraordinary. When the Mahârâjâ heard this, he said: "Well, Seneka, shall we send for this Sage?" But Seneka, fearing to be outshone, said: "Wait," and Videha followed his advice, but he had reports sent to him of what was going on in the East town. Here is one of the incidents.

The Stolen Infant

A woman with an infant son came to bathe in the tank, which Mahosadha had made for the use of the people in the park he had constructed near his Hall of Justice. She first bathed the child and then spreading out her cloth, put him upon it while she went into the water to bathe herself. A Yakkini, passing by, saw the child and became greedy to take it away and eat it. She stood still and called out: "What a pretty child! May I feed it, dear woman?" The mother was pleased by the flattering words and gave her permission. The Yakkini sat down and took the child in her arms. In a few moments she got up with the little one and was moving away. The mother saw it and frantically crying out, "Where are you going with my child?" got out of the water and, throwing her cloth over her, ran after the Yakkini, who answered: "This is my child.

what have you to do with it?" So quarrelling, they passed the Hall of Justice and were stopped by the Bodhisattva who questioned them about their dispute. When they told him, he asked if they would abide by his decision, and they agreed. By this time a crowd had gathered and were attentively listening to what the child Mahosadha said.

The Bodhisattva drew a line on the ground and told the Yakkini to lay the infant in the middle. Then she ordered the two women one to take hold of the legs and the other the arms, and pull. When the child was hurt by the pulling and began to cry, the mother let go and burst into tears. The Yakkini pulled the child over the line, took it up and wanted to run away, saying: "You see the child is mine. I pulled it over the line."

"Stop!" "said Mahosadha, and turning to the people asked: "Who, do you think, is the mother, the one who let go or the other?"

"The one who let go," cried the people, "she did not want to hurt the child."

"Do you know who she is, who stole the child?" asked Mahosadha.

"No," answered the people. "We do not know."

"She is a Yakkini. See her red, unwinking eyes. And see, she casts no shadow though standing in the sun."

Then the Yakkini confessed that she stole the child to eat it. And the Bodhisattva reproved her and said that she had done such things in a former incarnation, and such was the power of young Mahosadha's teaching that she became a changed being, and he sent her away to abandon her evil deeds.

The mother took her infant son in her arms, blessed the Bodhisattva, and went home rejoicing, while people wondered.

After hearing this and other remarkable judgments, Mahârâjâ Videha resolved to test the young Sage himself. This is one of the tests.

Threading the Jewel

The Mahârâjâ possessed the jewel which had been given to Mahârâjâ Kusa by Sakra, and prized this gem very much. But, being very old, the thread on which it was strung was broken and no one could take out the bit that remained or put in a new one, because the gem was eight sided and threaded in a mysterious way.

Mahârâjâ Videha sent this jewel to the people of the East town and asked them to re-thread it. They could not and implored Mahosadha to help them.

"Bring me some honey," the young Sage ordered. He rubbed some of the honey on the two holes of the gem and some on one end of the new thread, which he was able to twist a little way into one of the holes. Then he had the gem put near an ant-hill. The ants, smelling the honey, came, and eating away the old thread to get to the honey on the other side, pulled the new thread through. Thus the jewel, newly threaded, was sent back to the Mahârâjâ, who was pleased when he heard how it was accomplished, and said: "Well, Seneka, shall we send for the Sage now?" But still Seneka said: "Wait!" So the Mahârâjâ sent several other tests which always were answered successfully by Mahosadha, and at last Mahârâjâ Videha summoned the young Sage to his Court. He gave him a splendid house for himself and his thousand attendant youths. Mahosadha, the youngest of the pandits, in the course of time, fulfilled the prophecy in the Mahârâjâ's dream of the central fire which outshone the other four, and filled the whole of India with its brightness.

Speculative Maggots

There were a lot of maggots in a mouldy old ball of cheese, and they began to talk and speculate on a lot of things, which did not concern them one bit. One asked: "Who do you think made this big round ball?" Another said: "Why, we ourselves, you miserable idiot; to ask such a question proves you to be one. But who told you the ball is round?" Another said: "I know who made it. It is good old Lipton. See there is a name on it." Another said: "It can not be. That is only a name. A name cannot make a ball of cheese like this." One said: "Wait, it maybe true, but where did Lipton get the stuff from?" One said: "I don't know—nor do I care to know—it must have been there always—otherwise it wouldn't be there—that is all." One said frankly: "I know nothing about it and none of us will ever know anything about it—so let us not distress ourselves—but only eat and live." Then the man at the breakfast table who was quietly listening to all this confabulation said: "I'll tell you where it came from. It came from the cow. And I'll also tell you where it will go to—Here"—and he put a big junk of the rotten cheese into his mouth, and thus put an end at once to the contending paries, and their vain speculations.

Sailless Ship

By James C. Young

German Inventor promises something new in Marine Motive Power

It is just 117 years since Robert Fulton's steamboat stirred up the Hudson and poked its nose into midstream while the jeers of the crowd on shore turned to cheers. *The Claremont's* fire and smoke and churning paddles were a sight such as the world had never seen before. To-day a new sort of ship is said to be causing amazement in Germany—a ship without sails or steam, operated by only one man if need be, with revolving cylinders for motive power, where masts used to stand. These cylinders are supposed to harness the wind in such manner that the ship's captain may literally drive his unseen steeds across the waves.

One of the oldest things in use is the sailboat. Some 6,000 years of history lie between the earliest scraps of fabric that propelled boats along the Nile and the "firebox" that Fulton built. A hundred years more brought the oil-driven ship and then the electric. If the reports of the achievements of the German are borne out, we may see a return to the first motive power.

This ship, this strange sight of the eyes of Neptune, is a 2,000-ton freighter made over, we are told, with masts removed. Instead of masts, two steel cylinders three feet in circumference rise from the keel, through the deck, and stand some sixty-five feet in the air. The cylinders are set in motion by a small electric motor, and the ship moves off.

Such is the brief description cabled from Berlin this last week, a description that has stirred wide comment among shipping men and the public generally. What seems incredible at first glance develops definite possibilities upon examination. Where scientists are inclined to scoff, the men of the sea recognise an opportunity that may result in world changes.

Anton Flettner, the man responsible for this event, says that his "sailless and crewless ship" will withstand the seas in any kind of weather. He says he will soon make a crossing to America. Meanwhile he claims to have mastered the Baltic and developed a speed that would revolutionise the present-day ocean commerce if maintained. So much the cable has told, and little more.

The question of the moment in shipping circles is: How do the cylinders work?

Herr Flettner has sagaciously kept that point to himself and to the group of men surrounding him. This group includes the Krupps, who equipped his ship, and Hamburg-American officials interested in his patents. No explanation has yet been made of the method of catching enough power from the wind to drive the ship. Scientific men point out that a sixty-five-foot cylinder three feet around would offer little resistance to the wind, and therefore could not generate much power, according to all accepted principles.

Out of the Magnus Law

But Flettner seems to have a new principle, or a new method based on an old one. He says that his plan is a development of the Magnus Law, discovered in the middle of the last century by another German. This law—briefly stated—maintains that a cylinder revolving in a current of air will exert pressure at the right angles to the current. So far the law has not been applied for any outstanding purpose. How it could be employed in driving a ship is a matter that a large share of the public would like to have explained.

A naval architect of National reputation spent an hour and used up several pencils in endeavoring to calculate the sum of power resulting from a three-foot cylinder sixty-five feet in length, turning at a speed of 100 revolutions a minute. Flettner's cylinders are said to reach a speed of 120 revolutions. But all of the available pencils would not show how the resulting power could drive a ship.

The shape of these cylinders is another matter under discussion. Both shipping and scientific men dismissed the idea that they could be true cylinders, but held that they must have a special design in order to capture the energy of the winds. The majority view inclined to a series of curved fins. Another group believed that a flange running the whole length of the cylinder might serve. But none of these men would try to explain in what way the cylinder could take the place of an engine.

Much Mystery

Assuming that this new kind of mast might catch the wind in sufficient force to propel a ship, it becomes an absorbing question as to how the force could be applied. With a strong breeze blowing in the right direction and the cylinders doing their best, some of those interested were ready to grant that the ship might move. This would mean a direct connection between the cylinders and the propeller. But dispatches have intimated that Flettner has a method of storing up the wind's power against the time when it blows in the wron[g] direction.

There a new line of enquiry develops. It is evident that electrical energy might be created by a rapidly revolving cylinder, and stored in batteries for future use. That would make Flettner's ship a moving storage battery, with the cylinders creating new energy whenever the wind blows. The probability has many satisfying points, bringing the plan wholly within the bounds of science. Under this plan Flettner's device would deal with a new means of producing electrical current, at least, with a means not commonly used. Then it becomes easy to believe that his ship would move consistently.

All this is merely by way of speculation, the kind of speculation that has puzzled shipping circles and inventive minds in the last few days. But Flettner's achievement is not so easily explained. The Magnus Law, under which he is working, has nothing to do with electricity; certainly the theory has not been applied in that field. It has been suggested that he may have hit upon a new means to store the energy derived from the wind. If that suggestion is borne out, the influence of his discovery will extend much further than marine power. In fact, it is said that plans are under way to erect a 300-foot cylinder in Berlin to generate electrical power for other uses.

Various experiments have been carried on to drive ships by compressed air. An Australian in London recently proved that a ship might be propelled in that manner when he sent a small craft up the Thames with compressed air jets discharged under water. It was pointed out that Flettner might have discovered a way to store the energy of the wind by some other method than the generation of electrical energy. Should the possibility be realised, it would open a chapter in science equal to that which Franklin introduced with his magical kite.

If Flettner's own statements are to be believed in their simplest form and evident intent, he has applied the Magnus Law to drive a ship and nothing more.

Laymen always have difficulty in understanding how a ship can be bowled along by a wind blowing the other way. A direct head wind, of course, will hold up a sailing ship or even blow it backward; but a ship seldom has to struggle against a wind directly on its bow. Usually the skipper can work around until at least a quarter of his canvas catches the power at a favorable angle. On his skill in so doing depends his progress.

Comes at Moment Needed

These principles being understood by sailormen, the question arises whether Flettner's cylinders will work on the same plan as a ship's sails. Cabled descriptions affirm that the motor that starts the cylinders can also be used to alter the direction of the revolutions and the speed as well. When the two cylinders are turning at the same speed and the helm is not put "on," the Flettner ship normally sails at right angles to the wind, which is fully in accordance with the Magnus Law. But it is declared that changing the speed of one cylinder will have the same effect upon the ship's course as changing the helm. Flettner says that his plan will reduce the cost of operating a ship by 80 per cent. If so, he may be able to solve a problem that has seriously affected the commerce of the world. Ship operating costs never were higher than to-day, save at the peak of the War, and there is no early prospect of a reduction. This applies especially to American shipping, which is controlled by law in regard to American crews, the eight-hour day and such matters.

If a method has been found to reduce crews by something like two-thirds, at the same moment doing away with the cost of coal and the loss of space needed for storage, then ocean communication will indeed have entered upon a new period of its long evolution.

Engineers are wondering if Flettner will turn the world back to one of its earliest sources of energy. At present we are burrowing beneath the earth's crust to bring up the coal stored there by a process of ages. And we have tapped almost every known source of oil. Some authorities hold that the available sources of oil will be dried up in a comparatively few years, when the world's motor cars and motor ships, and a hundred kinds of engines must stop unless a new fuel is found.

We burned the greater part of our wood long ago. Rivers are being turned from their courses in order to create electrical power. But Flettner has apparently resorted again to that freest of all power, which seldom diminishes and is never exhausted, but goes blowing around the world in a liberty that has never yet been restrained.

Flettner is not a newcomer in marine invention. He perfected a rudder some years ago that bears his name. He is now Director of Aerodynamics at the Institute of Amsterdam and is familiarly known to scientific men as an experimenter along original lines. His present affiliation with the Krupps and the leading steamship interests of Germany has been accepted here as evidence that his discovery is a matter of the first consequence.

Electrical men are interested in the Flettner researches. A new method of producing power would mean cheaper electricity for every need of life. It

has been believed that the next development in this field would be the construction of generating stations at coal mines, so as to minimise expense. But Flettner may have found a method whereby a source of energy can be captured at will. The progress at the proposed experiment station in Berlin will be watched with close attention.

Another Source of Power

But an attempt to sum up all the possibilities involved in Flettner's enquiries would be an effort to survey the whole field of motive power. It is declared that we have realised almost the full possibilities of power supplied by coal and oil. In electricity we have many things to learn. Apparently we may yet find the wind to be the greatest driving source at our command.

Man has speculated for ages on a method to employ this force, just as he has tried to make the tides serve his ends, but so far the accomplishments in either direction have not proceeded beyond a sailing ship. This vast, unknown, unmeasured element has awaited its conqueror. Perhaps that lucky man is Anton Flettner.

New York may get a glimpse of Flettner and his odd-looking craft, if all goes well. He has announced a trip across the Atlantic as one of his first moves. According to his estimates, the journey should not require more than eighteen days. One of these mornings we may see his ship, *The Bukau*, sail up the historic Hudson under a motive power that was almost made obsolete by the experiments of Fulton in that same river.

Fortune has favored the Germans in letting them be the first men to cross the Atlantic in an undersea vessel and in an aerial leviathan. Perhaps another of the race is about to win a new honor.

An Indian Scout Hero

A story of great gallantry comes to us from India. It is all the more splendid because the hero took it just as a matter of course.

His name is Gur Prasad, and he is a member of the Sitapur School Troop of Boy Scouts.

Gur was at home studying hard for the annual examination. It happened that just outside the house near the room where he was sitting was a well with an open mouth.

Suddenly Gur heard a cry and a splash. He rushed out to the well and in horror saw that a little Indian girl had fallen down. For a second or two Gur was paralysed. There was no one near but himself. What must he do?

Saved

He spied a coil of rope and flung an end down into the well. But the poor child in the depths was already drowning. She did not take it.

Gur then quickly tied one end of the rope to an iron rail, secured the other round his own body, and went down. Time after time he dived, and at last managed to seize the body and hoist it to the surface.

He could not climb up the rope thus burdened, but quietly Gur knotted the line round the little girl so that she swung clear of the water, and then he ascended to the top.

By this time his cries and the repeated noises in the well had attracted attention, and there were plenty of willing hands ready to haul the child out. Her life was saved.

Gur said nothing about it. He had done his good turn that day.

Vacant Seat at the Examination

But, most unhappily, he had hurt his right hand so badly in the descent that he was unable to write. And there was the examination coming on.

"What's this?" asked the school-master. "Gur Prasad not sitting? Why?"

Then the story came out. And the end of it is that Gur Prasad has been given the Silver Cross for gallantry by His Excellency Sir William Marris, at Lucknow. A great assembly of Scouts was there, and many other people; and now Gur Prasad's name will not easily be forgotten.

The bestowal of the Silver Cross for gallantry is a very rare honor. Probably this is the first time an Indian Scout has earned it. Boys all over the world are saying "Well done, comrade," and many older people are feeling how grand it is that this old earth should be linked around by silver deeds of good.—*Children's Newspaper*

A Dinosaur Caravan

THE unearthing of bones of Dinosaurs twenty-five million years old, and their transportation to the University of Utah by caravan, has formed an interesting addition to the history of the West, we are told in a Press Bulletin issued by the University. The Dinosaur quarry, near Jensen, Utah, in the Uintah Basin, is one of the largest quarries where remains of these huge animals are found. Last year, the University obtained permission to unearth specimens from this quarry, and the Carnegie Institute, of Pittsburgh, allowed Dr. Earl Douglass to superintend the quarrying and boxing of the bones. Five excellent specimens of different species were obtained. One is a carnivorous Dinosaur, and one of the largest specimens in existence, the head being practically complete, a thing very seldom found. It seems that "this particular section of the far West was, about twenty-five million years ago, a section of the sea. The Dinosaurs lived in an old swampy land, along the edges of rivers or on the shores of lakes. They were what their name signifies, "terrible lizards," and varied in size from lizards, not much larger than those now living, to something over one hundred feet long. The fact that so many Dinosaurs are found at this particular spot is accounted for by an ancient sand-bar in an archaic stream. Through some great change in nature these Dinosaurs were evidently exterminated at about the same time, and dead bodies floated down the stream and were stranded on the sand-bar. Then they were covered with sediment, which eventually became 5,000 feet thick and was changed from sand to solid rock. The uplifting of the earth's surface at that particular point came some time later and changed this ancient lake to the Rocky Mountains. Erosion began wearing the rock away and has now practically uncovered the bones of these animals.

"This particular quarry has been worked by the Carnegie Institute and the Smithsonian Institution, both of which obtained several specimens. The University was fortunate in obtaining five specimens that are still better.

"The Dinosaur Caravan was a real reminder of the West, as it once was. Nineteen wagons were loaded with the bones at the quarry and trekked their way 220 miles from Jensen to Salt Lake. There is no railroad into the Uintah Basin, and in some places the roads were impassable for automobile trucks, so the pioneer method of transportation was resorted to. The drivers were typical old-time Westerners, five of them never having seen a railroad train or street-car before, and thus experiencing more than one thrill, while at that same time doing their bit to aid in the study of prehistoric times."

The arrival of the Caravan at Salt Lake City is thus described by Whit Burnett in *The Salt Lake Tribune:*

"Utah's now famous 'Dinosaur Caravan' ended its 220-mile journey when, at the pace of a silent cortège, it moved through the traffic-halted streets of Salt Lake shortly after two o'clock, schedule time, yesterday afternoon.

"The caravan of nineteen somewhat shaky-looking wagons, covered with dust, laden with hay, bags, provisions and the 'bone cages,' drew out thousands of interested spectators.

"It was, as promised, the most picturesque and authentic spectacle of its kind ever on view in the West. And, as such, it went down historically in memory, in these and other words, and on the history-recording film of the movies.

"The singular transport service 'held up,' 'stood the gaff' and did the work. For 220 miles, over roads at times none too good and at other times all to the bad; over sagebrush plateaus and down steep cañyon grades, the dust-raising string of country wagons made their way—averaging twenty-five miles a day, rain or shine, hot or cold.

"Yesterday's 'parade,' unfeatured by band or ostentatious display, was more like a funeral—a procession of hallowed bones—than any 'home-coming'. The pace, after nine days on the changing roads, was slow; the horses were tired; the men were almost 'sunk'".

"But as they neared the city, plugging their way up State Street from their noonday camp at Twenty-first South Street, where they 'weighed in' their 80,000 pounds of bones at Bamberger's coal yards and ate their lunch, their spirits rose. Ahead of them they could see the poplar trees of Salt Lake City, the clean, white dome of the Capitol, the spires of the City and County Building, the distant horizon of various clubs, and angles marking the business section of the town.

"As the Caravan yesterday neared Ninth South and State Streets—ten minutes ahead of schedule—the group was met by a platoon of Mounted Police and escorted past the City and County Building, where Mayor Neslen, who had welcomed the Caravan at the point of the mountain Tuesday, greeted

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them again, shook hands with 'Uncle John' and reiterated his best wishes to the 'gang'.

"The wagon-train wheeled widely to the west at Third South Street, and, after passing motion-picture photographers at the Main Street corner, silently and slowly marched through the business district to the Hotel Utah corner.

"There was little, save the external elements of the picturesque, to satisfy the curious onlookers, who, in many cases, probably expected to see something 'alive' within the silent crates.

"Respecting this great lack, Jesse Burkes, earlier in the day, had satisfied the need. Pounding vigorously on the crate ensconced behind his seat, he startled the curbsters with his cries:

"'Back there, Stego! Git back down in that there cage!'

"And the curbsters, for the moment taken in, got back farther than the monsters ever will.

"'Bones?' repeated a very dark youngster to his older informant. 'Bones—dat size? Lay off, mister! Who all'd roll 'em?'

"But bones they were, and bones they are—deader than seven doornails, and, unlike the bones in the hymn, it's doubtful if they'll ever 'rise again'.

"If they did—some of the University's fine tremendous monsters would stand fifteen to twenty feet high, and from the tip of their vegetarian snouts to the whip of their tail would be one hundred even feet.

"The assembling work will be begun as soon as possible, and completed this winter or next spring if such speed can be maintained.

"Prof. Frederick J. Pack, who for seven years has advocated the State's obtaining some of the bones walled up in her own Uintah mountains, has seen by now his wishes fulfilled. He will begin his sabbatical year soon, and in the East and in England 'tell the world' of Utah's wonders, not the least of which will include this particular collection." *Literary Digest*

All Things in Order

The Chief Scout has called on the Scouts of the country to help to keep it tidy.

WE see more and more complaints that people are not tidy enough.

If we go to Wembley we see the ways littered with tickets and papers of all sorts. If we go into a London park, or for a walk on a country common, we are sure to find litter about. The London bus companies sell tons of paper every week to be thrown about our streets. Safety First and Beauty Last is their cry, when we might be both Safe and Beautiful with a little thought.

It is not only in relation to what people com-ly call litter, however, that we have to learn esson of tidiness. A great architect has said he is rather tired of the word Art, and that he ld like to substitute for it three words: iness. Order, and Cleanliness.

here is great and profound truth in that. Art ans skill, the application of human skill accord- to definite rules. Yet how many people seem to k of Art as merely decoration!

kill worth the name can only go with strict ntion to order. Everything worth having is erly. Disorder is a social crime.

he laws of Nature are firm rules of order, and by ue of that order we inherit the beauty of Nature. ock, a leaf, a tree, a bird—each of these is a piece awless order. When we see a beautiful piece of country spoiled by litter, or by gaudy advertisements, the eye is offended because the rules of order have been broken.

When we realise that Beauty lies in order, and that Art is ordered skill, we learn to despise disorder. We no longer fancy that there is something to be proud of in a life that is untidy, or in work which is not neat.

The greater part of the ill-health and discomfort of our cities is due to the lack of common tidiness. Buildings have been put up carelessly, without much regard to their relation to each other. A huge and hideous block spoils the loveliest park in London.

Curiously enough, we sometimes meet people calling themselves reformers who seem proud of their own untidiness. We may be sure such people could not govern properly, because good Government means keeping good order and framing good rules.

Let us, therefore, instead of merely talking about Art, learn to be tidy, and Art will assuredly come to us. As a bird's nest is tidy, so should a city be. Let us do all things in order, let us have all things clean, let everything be neat; and art, and health, and beauty, and comfort, and efficiency, will be added unto us.—*Children's Newspaper*

A Japanese Story

Silver-Water-Where-The-Cherry-Trees-Shed-Their-Petals

THE daughter of San, a rich merchant in the city of Tokio, was named Silver-Water-Where-The-Cherry-Trees-Shed-Their-Petals. She was a sweet little baby and gave every promise of growing up into as pretty a Japanese maid as the name she bore. She was dressed in silks and bright colored obis, when she was small, and she looked more like a little butterfly than a girl. Every one danced attendance on her and gave her everything she asked for, but because her name was so long, they called her Cherry for short.

Cherry grew into a handsome young girl, but she became very spoiled, as any child would if she received as much attention and as much spoiling as Cherry did.

When she grew up, she always dressed in cherry-colored Kimonos with splashes of cherry petals or big green leaves on her clothes or her parasols. She did not like other little girls unless they were dressed as nicely as she was, because poor little Cherry did not know that the REAL Cherry that God made was way inside of all her silks and even her black-haired, olive-skinned little self.

It is true that she saw many of the poorer people, for when she went to the Temple to pray, she saw them there dressed in rags, but she thought they were not as nice as she and not worthy to be spoken to. So she threw them round copper coins with square holes in the middle and watched the wretched people scramble for them.

To the Great God Buddha she bowed low, offering prayers and incense, but the golden image looked down on her with cold eyes and did not hear her prayers. They came only from her lips and a mind which asked for selfish things. Never did her prayers come from her heart in beseeching for others. How could the Lord Buddha hear her prayers?

Then one day a great misfortune befell her and her home. Her father and his merchant ships were lost at sea. There was no one to take care of the haughty Silver-Water-Where-The-Cherry-Trees-Shed-Their-Petals except the servants, and they did not love the little mistress. One by one they left the household where Cherry and an aged aunt ruled.

The very sad part of it is the fact that a marriage had been arranged between Cherry and a young man of wealth, but it was feared that he would no longer care to marry her even though the dowry had been paid, because it was rumored abroad that the bride to be was very selfish and no young man wants a selfish maid for a wife.

For the first time in all her life, Cherry knew what it was to feel real pain in the bottom of her heart. She hurried to the Temple, but she did not look disdainfully at the people as she climbed the many many steps to the Tori which stood before the entrance to the Temple. She even stooped to help a little child who had fallen and she raised it to its mother's back. "The blessing of Buddha be with you," she said and was surprised to hear herself say it.

A young man in a heavily embroidered robe stood near, and he followed her into the Temple.

Cherry fell on her knees before the golden statue of the Buddha. She bowed many times, touching her head to the ground each time, then she took off her rings of gold and jade and put them at the feet of the meditating Buddha in offering. Her eyes filled with tears and she prayed aloud.

"Dear Lord," she said, "I have been wicked and selfish and not deserving Thy Mercy. Great Lord, have mercy on me now for I will love Thee and all Thy people. Send me the husband who has been promised me and I will be a good wife. Let the Cherry tree shed its petals into my silver water and I will carry them on and on."

Cherry stopped for breath and she was surprised to hear a man's voice beside her say: "Great and Honorable Lord, let me be the unworthy petals for Thee to cast into the silver stream of the life of this, my promised bride."

Cherry looked up startled. "Are you Kin Far Low, son of Win Far Low, who was to marry Silver-Water-Where-The-Cherry-Trees-Shed-Their-Petals?"

"Yes."

"But how did you know that I—"

"I heard you just now."

Then Cherry realised that it was most improper to be talking to a young man, and she hid her face modestly behind her long kimono sleeve.

"Little Silver Water," said the boy, "I will go now, but I will see that the wedding takes place at once. Farewell."

Then Cherry, who would soon be known as Silver Water, buried her face in her hands and cried for pure joy. The silver water of Love had washed away the last of her selfishness.

All that was left of her father's money was use for Cherry's wedding. Coolies bearing gifts v to the home of her mother-in-law where she wa live, as is the custom in Japan, and in a covered lacquer chair, came Cherry in her bridal clothes.

Girls are married at an early age in Japan, l they do not see their husbands until after t marriage ceremony has taken place. Cherry h seen her husband, as you know, though no one el knew about it, so she kept her face well cover until the proper time. But there was no fear the heart of the little bride, for she knew that wh the veil was lifted, her eyes would not be start at the sight of a wrinkled old man.

Her heart beat a happy tune, for Cherry loved h husband, and heart told her truly that it was becau she had stopped thinking of herself and had learr to love others, that the Gods had answered l prayers and sent her happiness. H. M.

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